

EVERY MONDAY

OCTOBER 17th 1970

**Nº1 OF A TERRIFIC NEW ADVENTURE WEEKLY!**

# THUNDER

READ IT...and you'll be THUNDER-STRUCK!

**FREE  
INSIDE**

**THE  
AMAZING  
JUMPING  
KANGAROO**

He JUMPS...  
He LEAPS...  
He BOUNDS  
into the air!

OZZIE STARS IN THE STORY "FURY'S FAMILY"  
READ IT INSIDE



**8d** **3½**  
NEW  
PENCE

**A FEAST OF  
THRILLS AND FUN!  
READ THESE GREAT  
STORIES INSIDE**



STEEL COMMANDO



JET SKATERS



GAUNTLET OF FATE



PHIL THE FLUTER

**PLUS MANY MORE!**

IT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS JOURNEY IN THE WORLD!

# THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC

TOM TAYLOR'S FATHER HAD BEEN MISSING FOR MANY YEARS AFTER DISAPPEARING ON AN EXPEDITION INTO THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE. TOM LIVED WITH HIS UNCLE AND AUNT. THE DAY CAME WHEN TOM'S FATHER WAS OFFICIALLY GIVEN UP FOR DEAD. HIS UNCLE BROKE THE NEWS TO HIM, AND PRESENTED HIM WITH HIS FATHER'S SEA-CHEST. TOM LITTLE GUESSED THE AMAZING CONSEQUENCES WHICH WOULD SOON FOLLOW...

THAT CHEST IS ALL YOUR FATHER LEFT BEHIND, TOM. IT'S YOURS NOW—AND ALL YOU'VE GOT IN THE WORLD. BUT YOUR AUNT AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU—AND THERE'S ALWAYS A JOB FOR YOU IN MY GROCERY BUSINESS...

THEY BOTH MEAN WELL. BUT WHO WANTS TO WORK IN A GROCER'S SHOP? BESIDES, HOW CAN THEY BE SURE MY FATHER IS DEAD? THEY'VE NO PROOF! I'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT.

THE CHEST WAS FILLED WITH MARVELLOUS SOUVENIRS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

WHAT FANTASTIC THINGS. AND WHAT'S THIS ROLL OF PARCHMENT?

IT WAS AN ASTOUNDING MAP—

THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC

FORBIDDEN CITY OF GOLD

THE MOUNTAINS THAT MARCH

THE BOILING LAKE

PERHAPS THAT'S WHERE DAD DISAPPEARED?

THE SLEEPING TERROR (WAKE IT NOT!)

ENTER BY THE TUNNEL OF TERROR

THE MAN-EATING JUNGLE

CITY OF TOLMEC

THE MISTS WHERE GHOSTS DWELL

LAIR OF THE CITY GUARDIANS

THE BURNING CATARACT

THE PASS OF WINGED DOOM

THE DESERT OF LIVING FLAMES

THE CAVE OF DRAGONS

FOREST OF A MILLION EYES

LABYRINTH OF GIANTS

MY FATHER MAY STILL BE IN THIS PLACE CALLED TOLMEC—STILL ALIVE! IF ONLY I COULD FIND SOMEONE TO HELP ME. NO GOOD TALKING TO UNCLE, THOUGH—HE WOULDN'T EVEN LISTEN!

TOM'S GLANCE FELL ON THE NEWSPAPER...

**DAILY BUGLE**  
FAMOUS EXPLORER HOME TOMORROW—EPIC JOURNEY ACROSS ASIAN WILDERNESS. DR WOLFGANG STRANGER DOCKS TOMORROW

THAT'S THE MAN I NEED! I'M SURE IF HE SAW THE MAP HE'D HELP!

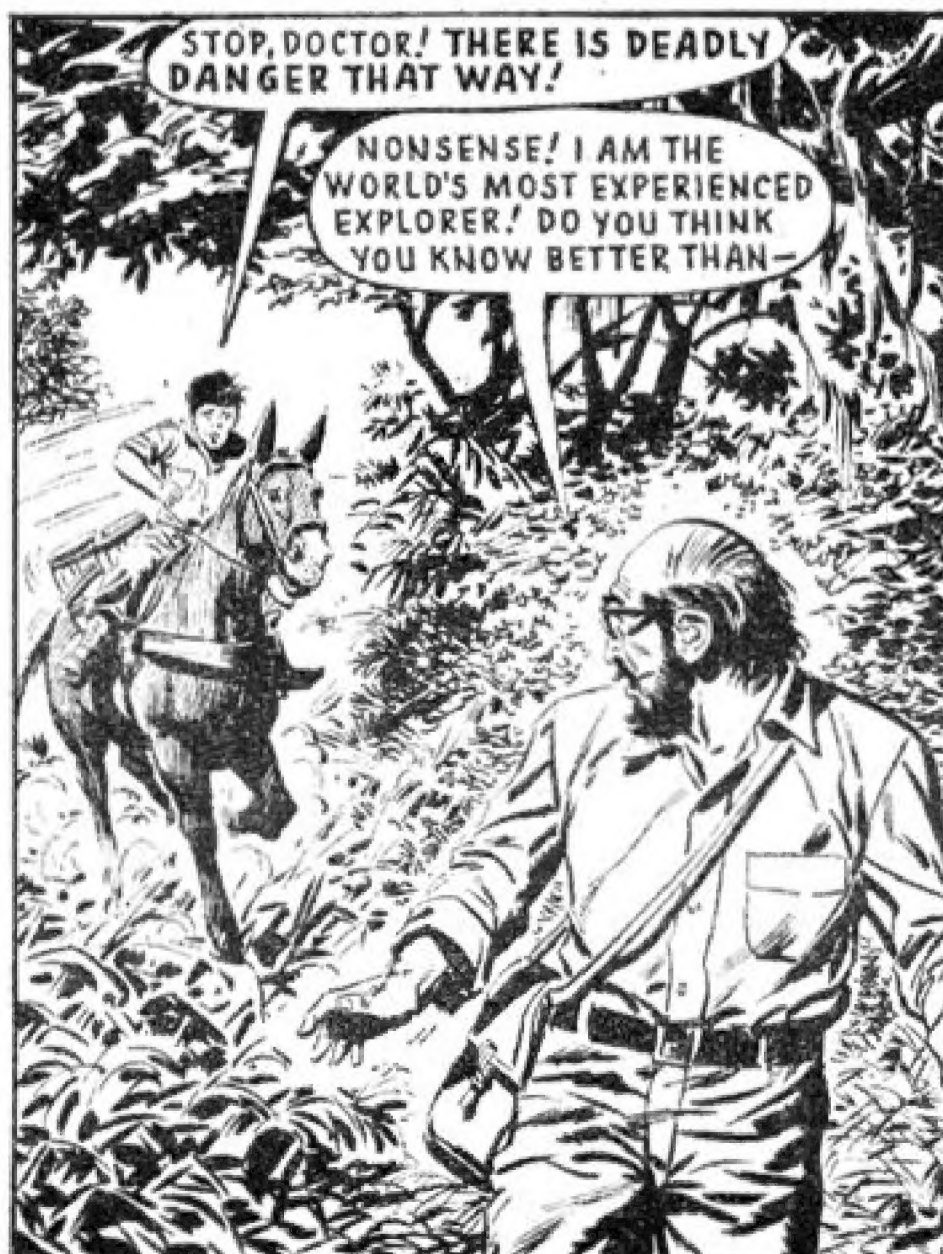
WHEN WOLFGANG STRANGER'S EXPLORATION SHIP DOCKED, TOM WAS THERE. HAVE YOU ANY PLANS FOR ANOTHER EXPEDITION, DR. STRANGER?

NONE. IT SEEMS THAT THERE ARE NO UNEXPLORED AREAS OF THE WORLD LEFT, WORTHY TO CHALLENGE MY UNIQUE GENIUS, OR MY FAITHFUL ASSISTANT TROLL'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE.

ONLY TOM NOTICED TROLL MAKE A MYSTERIOUSLY FURTIVE GESTURE...

HE'S SIGNALLING TO THE CRANE DRIVER!

There are about 6,000 varieties of ants.



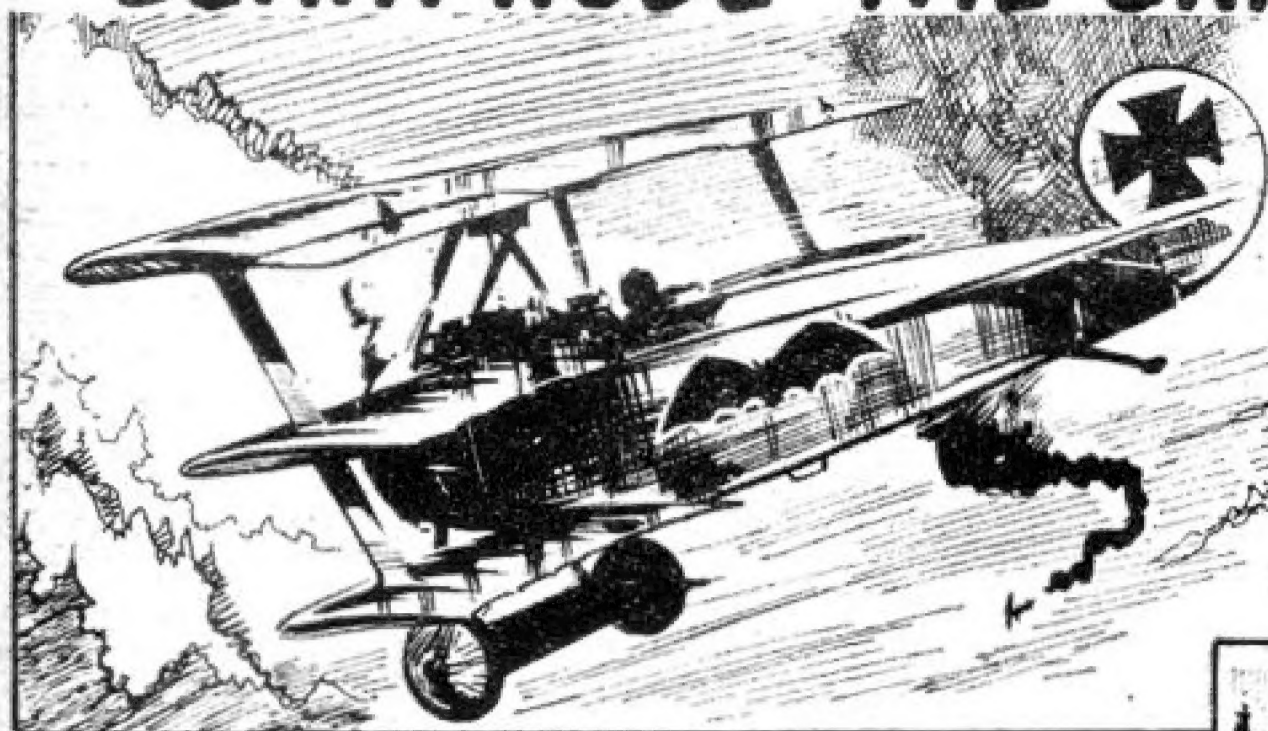
CONTINUED OVERLEAF.

A type of precious stone is known as Cat's Eye.



DEATH RODE THE SKIES IN THE BAT-WING TRIPLANE!

# BLACK MAX



ONE FATEFUL DAY IN THE LATE WINTER OF 1917, HIGH ABOVE A GRIM, REMOTE BAVARIAN CASTLE, A BLACK-PAINTED FOKKER TRIPLANE CAME DIVING AND WHEELING ACROSS THE SKY LIKE A SINISTER, TRIUMPHANT BIRD OF PREY...

YES, MORG HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL. WITH THE MORE POWERFUL ENGINE HE HAS INSTALLED, THIS PLANE CAN DO ALL THE THINGS I SHALL DEMAND OF IT!

THERE WAS FEAR ON THE FACES OF THE CASTLE SERVANTS AS THE BAT-LIKE TRIPLANE TOUCHED DOWN...

EVERY DAY SINCE HE RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS, THE BARON HAS PRACTISED HIS FLYING. BUT ALWAYS HE FLIES IN THE MOUNTAINS, AWAY FROM PRYING EYES!

YET THE BARON IS FAMED AS A GREAT ACE! YOU WOULD NOT THINK HE NEEDS TO PRACTISE SO MUCH!



WHY IS IT ALWAYS AT DAWN OR AT DUSK THAT THE BARON FLIES? AND WHAT IS SO SECRET ABOUT THE AIRCRAFT THAT MORG PREPARED FOR HIM?

WHO KNOWS? THE BARON HAS ALWAYS BEEN A STRANGE AND VIOLENT MAN!



INSIDE THE CASTLE TOWER...

I LEAVE YOU AGAIN, MY PETS. I LEAVE MY CASTLE AND MY POSSESSIONS IN YOUR CARE, YOU WHO HAVE BEEN THE GUARDIANS OF THE FAMILY FOR OVER SIX HUNDRED YEARS...



THE VOICE OF BARON MAXIMILIEN VON KLOR ROSE TO A SCREECHING, HATE-FILLED CRY...

I GO TO KILL THE BRITISH DOGS WHO GAVE ME THIS SCAR. I SHALL REPAY THEM... NOT JUST WITH DEATH... BUT ALSO WITH FEAR!



ONE OF YOU... HE WHO HAS BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN SECRET ALL THESE MONTHS... SHALL GO WITH ME!



AND SO, AS NIGHT FELL, THE ACE WHO WAS KNOWN AS BLACK MAX SET OUT FOR THE WESTERN FRONT...

LISTEN TO THE DIN FROM HIS BEASTS... IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY KNOW WHERE HE IS GOING!

COME! PERHAPS FEEDING WILL QUIET THEM! OTHERWISE WE SHALL GET NO SLEEP THIS NIGHT!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE SERVANTS SAW BEYOND THE TOWER DOOR WHICH HAD ALWAYS REMAINED LOCKED...

LOOK AT THOSE CLAW MARKS! WHAT MANNER OF BEAST COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING?

AND WHERE IS THE BEAST NOW?

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

A Scotsman invented a machine which was operated by two mice.

AT DAWN, THE FOLLOWING DAY, CAPTAIN HOWARDE OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS STRODE HAUGHTILY TO HIS WAITING SOPWITH CAMEL FIGHTER PLANE...

BAH! A BIT OF FOG WON'T KEEP ME ON THE GROUND! I'LL FLY THIS DAWN PATROL... AND BAG MYSELF ANOTHER BOCHE!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

MUST BE OVER THE HUN LINES BY NOW. I'LL JUST TEST MY GUNS... THEN KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR A VICTIM...

BUT IT WAS THE EYES OF BLACK MAX THAT FIRST FASTENED UPON A PREY...

ACH! WHAT LUCK! I HAVE NOT EVEN REJOINED MY SQUADRON YET... AND ALREADY A PIGDOG. BRITISHER IS HERE... TO BE TORN FROM THE SKY!

NOW, MY PET! ALL THESE MONTHS OF TRAINING SHALL BEGIN TO BEAR FRUIT!

DIPPING THROUGH THE PHANTOM-LIKE WISPS OF FOG, THE BLACK TRIPLANE CLOSED IN...

NOTHING! THE HUNS CANNOT BE FLYING TODAY! CURSE THIS FOG!

GET READY, MY PET... JUST A LITTLE... CLOSER...

AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT CAPTAIN HOWARDE SAW DEATH GLIDING ABOVE HIM...

HUHH? A... A HUN!

NOW... KILL!

IT WAS NOT MACHINE-GUN BULLETS THAT STRUCK AT THE LONE BRITISH PILOT... BUT SOMETHING MORE NIGHTMARISH AND LETHAL...

SKREEEE-IIIH!

AAAAAAAGHHH!

HIS BLOOD TURNED TO ICE, HIS EARS RINGING WITH THE SOUND OF SAVAGE SCREECHING, THE DOOMED MAN COULD ONLY SIT IN PETRIFIED FEAR AS GREAT CLAWS RIPPED AND SLASHED...

SKREEEEEEE-EEEE!

NO!... NO!

THEN...

IT IS DONE! BACK... MY PET... BACK!

AAAAAAGHH!

The letter 'E' is the most frequently used letter of the alphabet.



BACK TO ITS MASTER SOARED THE WINGED KILLER...

THERE HE GOES! OUR FIRST VICTIM! THE FIRST OF MANY!



ITS GREAT WINGS FOLDED, THE GIANT BAT RETURNED TO ITS HIDING PLACE...

NOW WE MUST GO TO YOUR NEW HOME, MY PET. THERE WE SHOULD FIND FAITHFUL MORG WAITING FOR US!



FIVE MILES BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES...

THERE IS THE WOOD... AND THERE IS MORG!

ONLY MORG, THE BARON'S MASSIVE-MUSCLED SERVANT, SHARED THE SECRET OF THE BLACK TRIPLANE...



THE CAVE IS READY, MASTER! I WILL TAKE YOU TO IT! NO ONE KNOWS OF ITS EXISTENCE!

NOR MUST THEY, MORG! THE FIRST THING I SHALL DO WHEN I TAKE OVER COMMAND OF MY NEW SQUADRON IS TO FORBID ANYONE TO GO NEAR THESE WOODS!



EVEN IF SOMEONE DID ENTER, MASTER... THEY WOULD PROBABLY NOT SEE HIM... UP THERE IN THE DARK!

NOR BELIEVE THEIR EYES IF THEY DID, EH, MORG? RETURN NOW TO THE SQUADRON. I WANT YOU THERE WHEN I ARRIVE!



BARON VON KLOR LINGERED A FEW MINUTES MORE IN THE LAIR OF THE BEAST, THEN...

SLEEP WELL, MY PET! TONIGHT, MORG WILL COME TO FEED YOU... FOR WE MUST KEEP UP YOUR GREAT STRENGTH!



AND SO BLACK MAX ARRIVED AT HIS NEW COMMAND...

ORDERS HAVE BEEN GIVEN THAT NO ONE IS TO GO NEAR HIS PLANE!

AND LOOK AT THE WAY IT IS PAINTED! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

THE PILOT'S AWED WHISPER DID NOT ESCAPE THE EARS OF BARON MAXIMILIEN VON KLOR...

YOU WILL FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS, HERR LEUTNANT... THAT IN MY SQUADRON, MISTAKES WILL BE PUNISHED BY DEATH! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE MAN WHO DID NOT SHUDDER AS THE BLACK BARON'S EYES TURNED STONE COLD AND LIFTED SKYWARDS...



IT ALSO MEANS THAT, FROM THIS DAY, THERE WILL BE SUCH FEAR... SUCH KILLING... THAT SOON NO BRITISHERS WILL DARE TAKE TO THE AIR!

MORE NEXT WEEK!

SPINE-TINGLING THRILLS WITH THE MAN WHO LIVES FOR DANGER!

# CLIFF HANGER



HIT THE ADVENTURE TRAIL WITH GLOBE-ROAMING CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER AND HIS BLADE-THROWING GURKHA PAL, KUKRI! SHARE WITH THEM THEIR MOMENTS OF BREATHLESS PERIL! SEE IF YOU, TOO, CAN FIND A WAY OUT... WHEN ESCAPE SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!



AND IF WE DO NOT MOVE OUT BY NOON, TUERTO SAYS THE PRESIDENTE WILL DIE! LOOK AT THE BIG CLOCK; WE HAVE ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT!



ON A CLIMB LIKE THAT THEY FACE DEATH EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY!



KUKRI'S HANDHOLD'S BREAKING AWAY!



HANG ON, KUKRI! I'LL PULL YOU UP TO THE NEXT HANDHOLD!



AND REBELS NOT EXPECT US COME THIS WAY. THEY ALL WATCH ROAD!

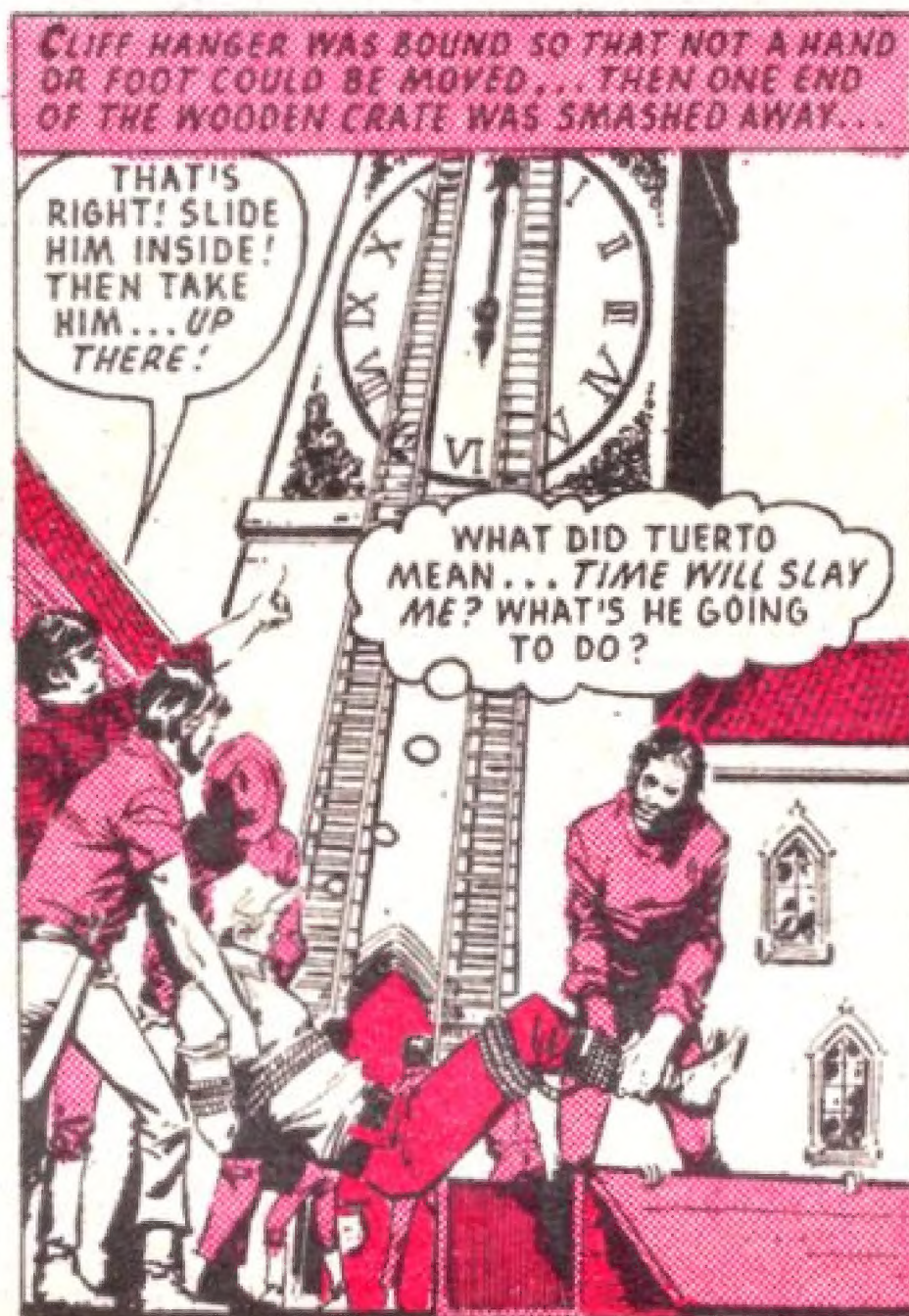
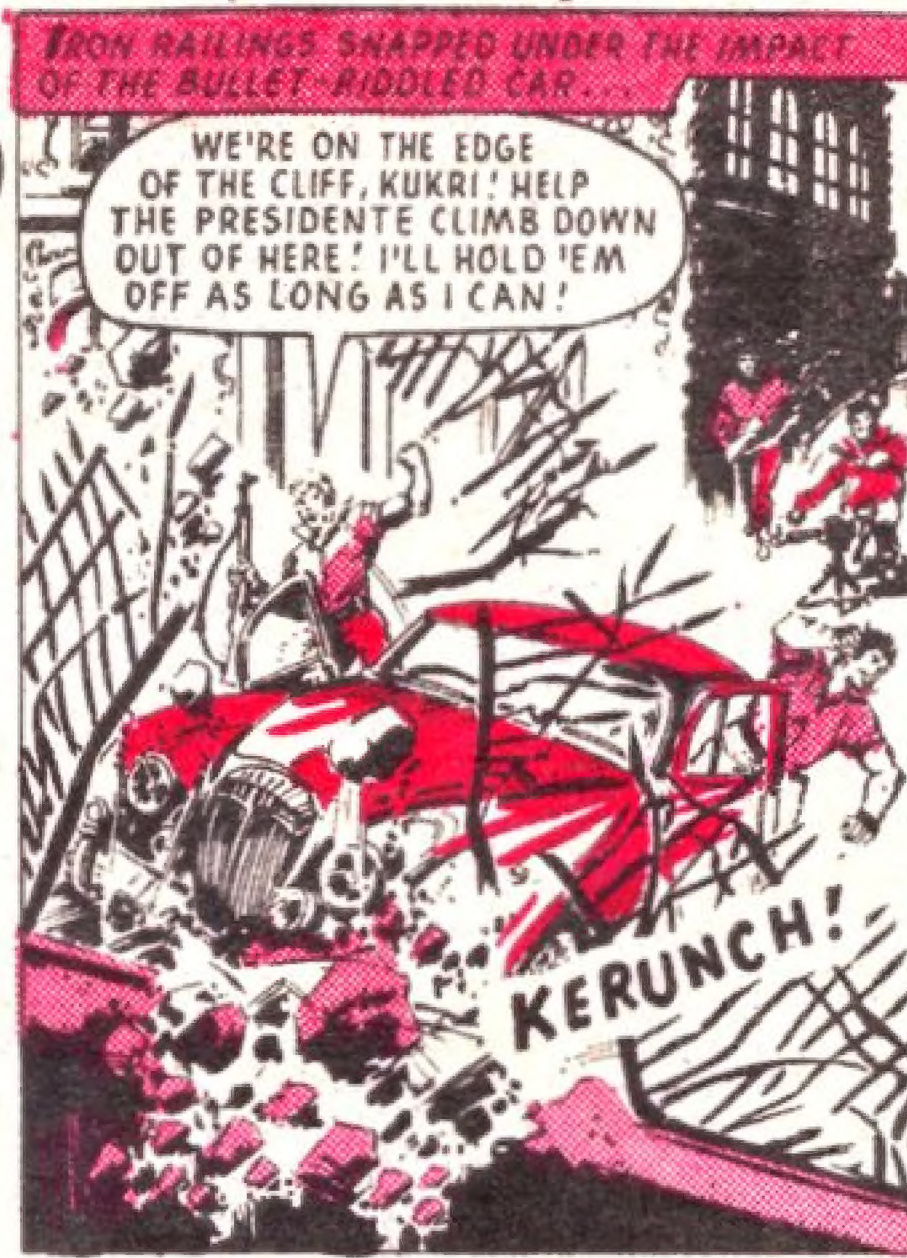


SEE KEYS ON BELT! KUKRI WORRIED! THIS TOO EASY!

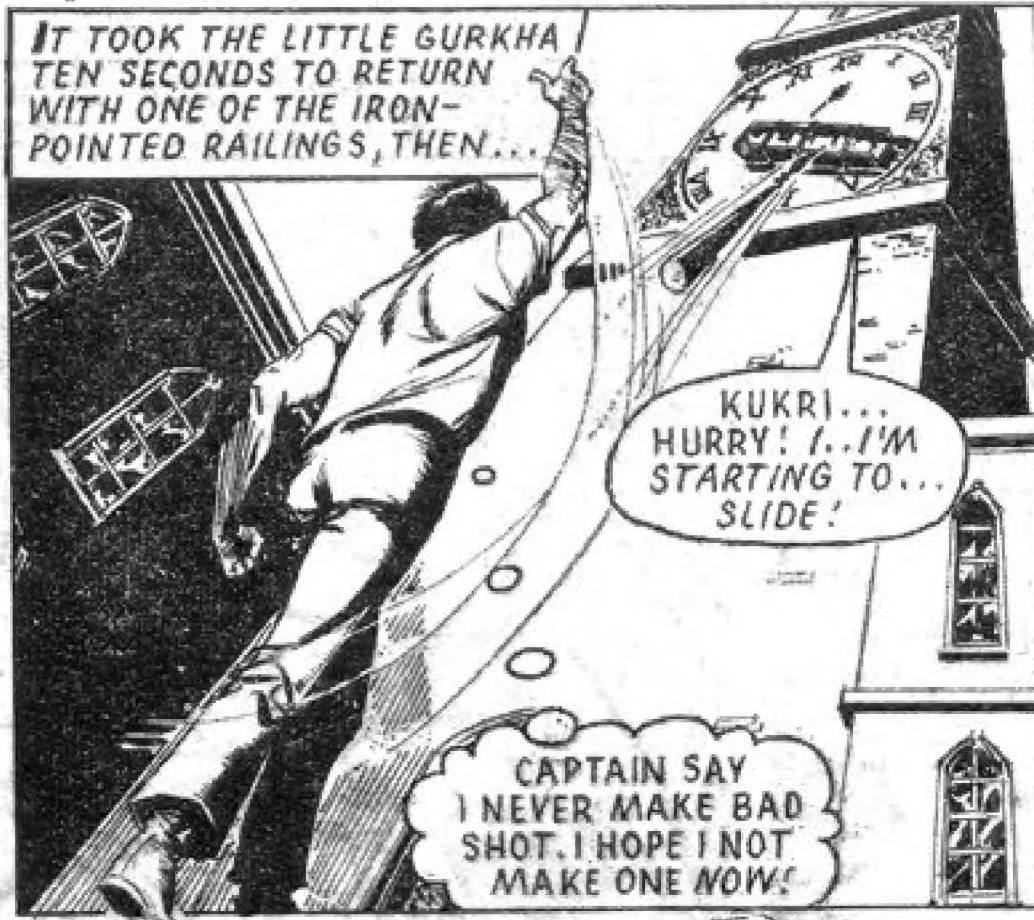


QUICK! THAT CAR! MAYBE WE CAN CRASH OUR WAY THROUGH THEM... AND ON TO THE ROAD!

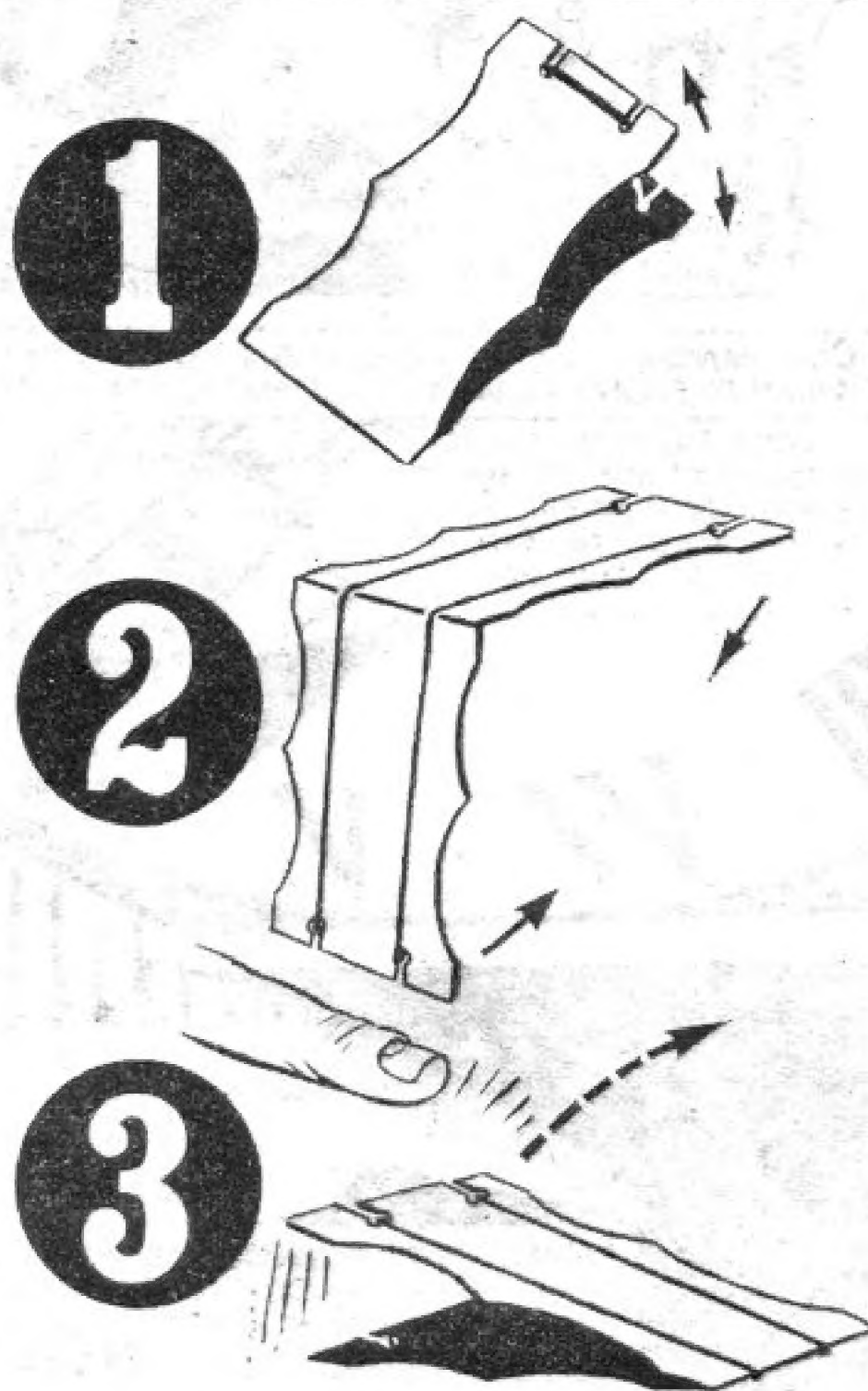
A tortoise once lived to be 160 years old.



The smallest picture in the world was painted on a grain of corn.



# HOW TO MAKE OZZIE JUMP!



MOVE THE TWO SECTIONS OF THE CARD APART, AGAINST THE PULL OF THE ELASTIC BAND...

BEND IT RIGHT OVER, UNTIL THE TWO SECTIONS ARE TOGETHER, AND THE ELASTIC IS TIGHT AROUND THE OUTSIDE...

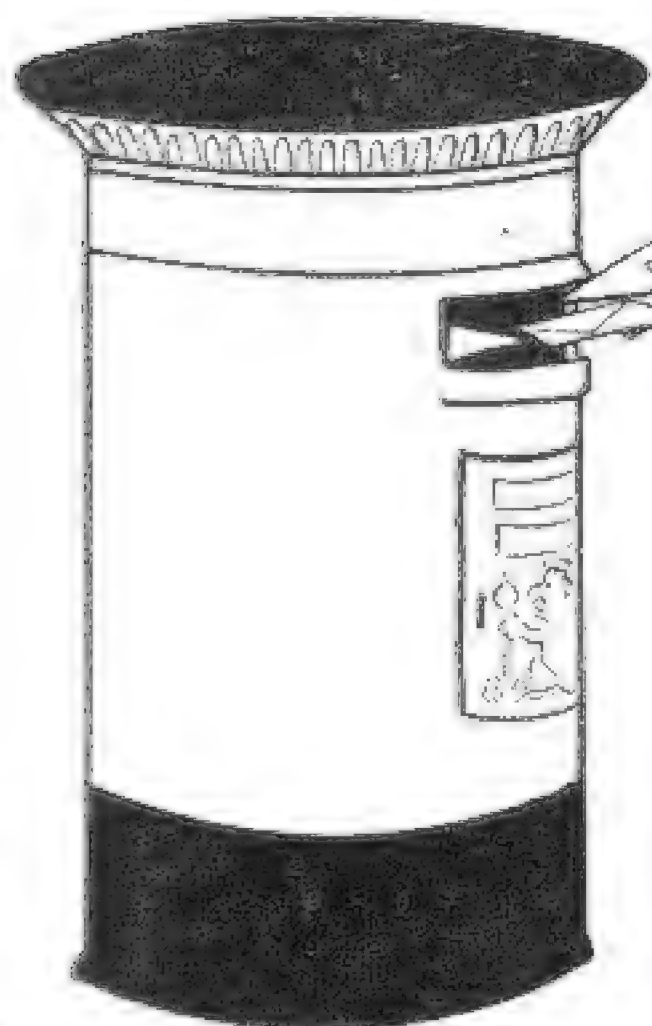
WHEN YOU RELEASE OZZIE, HE'LL LEAP INTO THE AIR! (OR PUT HIM UNDER A BOOK... AND GIVE SOMEONE A SURPRISE!)

## AND WATCH OUT FOR "THUNDER" NEXT WEEK!

There's Another Super **FREE** Gift



# "SEND 'EM IN!" says SAM



**£1** — for you!  
That's what I'll pay for any letters, jokes, rhymes, riddles, or anything else that I pick to be printed on this page. Send 'em in to: Sam, "Thunder", Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 . . . and let me know your three favourite stories, too!



## STAR LETTER

Dear Sam,

While fishing at our local pond, my two mates and myself were using maggots and a few redworms as bait, but we didn't get a bite. My young brother came along, and said: "Use a bit of bacon rind off your bacon sandwiches." So on my hook went the bacon rind—and before I knew what was happening, I had three perch in my keep net!

Ray Russell,  
Middlesbrough



## BARMY BOOKSHELF

**BIG BANG** by DINAH MITE

**ZOO-KEEPING** by IVOR FOX

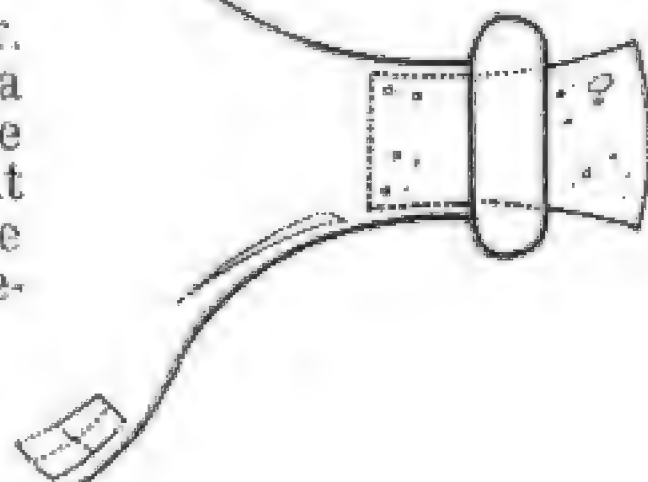
**LONG DROP** by EILEEN DOVER

## IN A BOTTLE!

Dear Sam,

Grrrrr! I'm dead narked with my little brother. I spent a whole week making a small model of a sailing ship and fixing it inside an old lemonade bottle. It looked great when I finished it. But when I got home the other day, I found my little brother had taken it to the sweet-shop to get three-pence back on the bottle!

Ted Roberts,  
London, E.12



## HOLIDAY SNAPS

Dear Sam,

My Dad had given me his old camera to take with me when we went on holiday. He told me it was loaded with film, so I spent the whole fortnight we were away taking pictures of the family. When we got home, I found there wasn't any film in it at all! We had a nice holiday, but no snaps to show for it!

Gary Elison,  
Runcorn



## SHOCKER!

Dear Sam,

I was woken up the other night by a noise coming from the garden. I looked out of the window . . . and got the shock of my life! There was a ghostly white figure there, and it seemed to be waving at me! I rushed back to bed and ducked under the bedclothes. Next morning, I found my Mum had left a sheet on the clothes line all night!

Cliff Townshend,  
Leeds



## IS IT A RECORD?

Dear Sam,

I was up in the loft of our house and I found a lot of old stuff that belonged to my granddad. Among the junk was a black disc about ten inches in diameter, with grooves on it, and a hole in the middle. Is this a record?

Charles Johnson,  
Dundee

## LUCKY!



Dear Sam,

When my sister came back from holiday, she bought us all presents. Mine was a lucky horse-shoe. Since I've had my lucky horse-shoe, I have: sprained my ankle, lost a ten-shilling piece, punctured a wheel on my bike, and got a black eye from walking into the door!

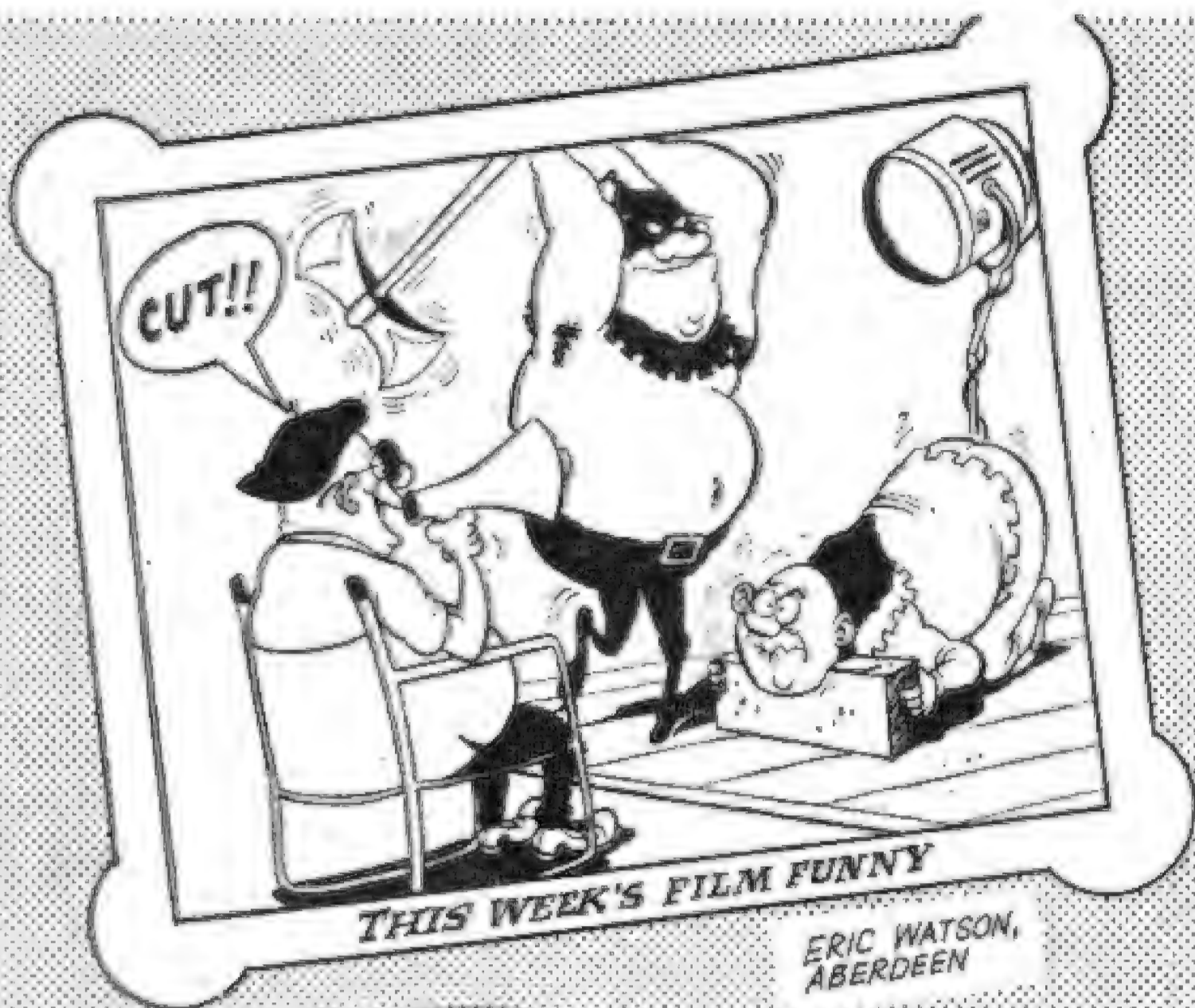
Evan Todd, Pontypridd

## SSSSSSSSS! IT'S SAMSON THE SLIPPERY SNAKE!

Dear Sam,

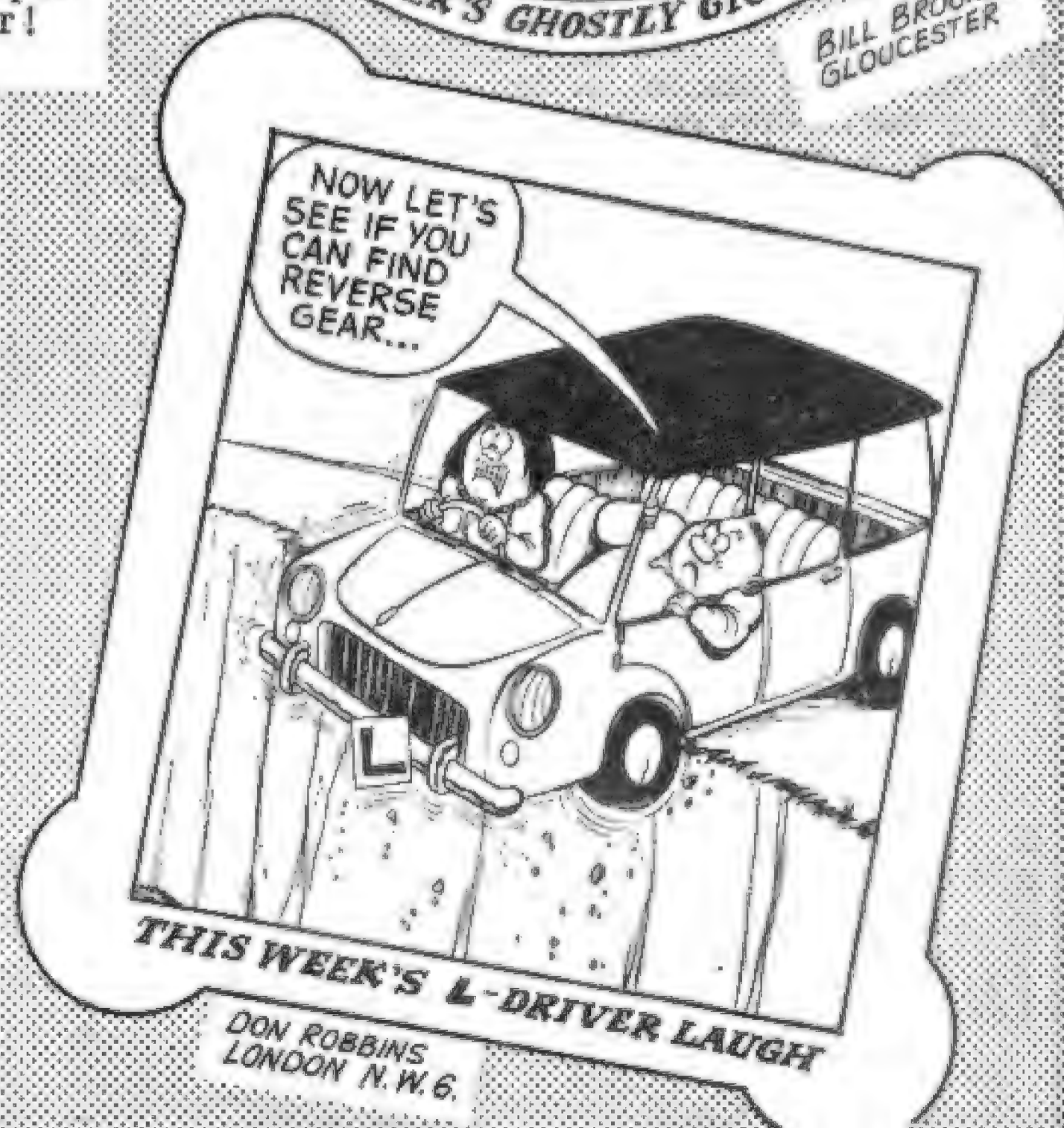
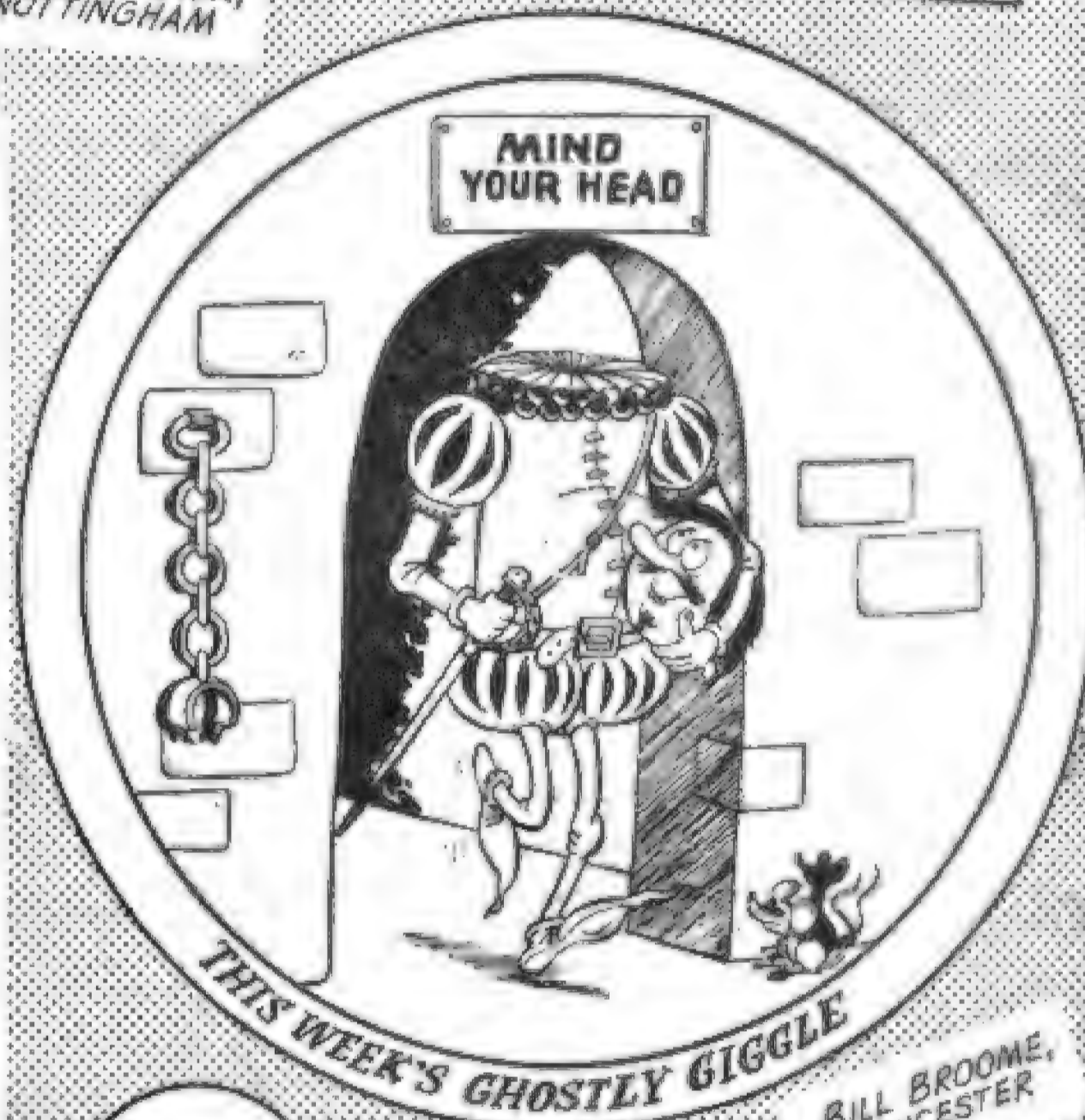
I've got a rather unusual hobby. I keep grass snakes as pets. My favourite snake is called Samson, as he's so strong. He seems to be able to wriggle out from any box I put him in. He's slippery, too—I spend ages trying to catch him when he gets away! My ambition is to keep a big boa-constrictor.

T. A. Spender, Brighton



## SAM PICKS HIS TOP GAGS

**£1** for any jokes that I think our artist would like to draw. Roll 'em in, pals! Let's make Sam's Spot a real cracker!



HE WAS ALONE...HIS ONLY FRIENDS WERE THE ANIMALS OF THE CIRCUS!

# Fury's Family



HIS NAME WAS FURY. MORE THAN THAT, THEY NEVER KNEW. HIS FATHER? HIS MOTHER? MYSTERIES... AS BAFFLING AS THE STRANGE WAY HE HAD WITH ANIMALS. ONLY ONE THING WAS CERTAIN—HE HAD BEEN WITH DOWNER'S CIRCUS LONGER THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE SHOW...



WAKE UP, KID! THE NEW BOSS IS HERE, AN' HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!

MMMFFF! HUH..?



THIS RAG-BAG KID'S ON OUR PAYROLL?

YES, MR. SPANG, SIR! HE LOOKS AFTER THE ANIMALS. GETS HIS MEALS AND HIS KEEP. NO WAGES, SIR..

ARCHER SPANG, THE RICH SHOWMAN WHO'D ONLY JUST BOUGHT DOWNER'S CIRCUS, SNEERED CONTEMPTUOUSLY...

GET RID OF HIM. THERE'S TOO MUCH RUBBISH IN THIS FLEA-BITTEN ROADSHOW!

YOU - YOU WISH ME TO GO? FURY DOES NOT UNDERSTAND!



THEN MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THIS! GET GOING, YOU YOUNG LAYABOUT!

UGGGGH!



AS FURY STAGGERED AGAINST THE LION'S CAGE, THE MASSIVE BEAST ROARED...

GRARRRRR!

WHAT THE BLAZES..?



THEN FURY WAS AT THE LION'S SIDE, WHISPERING IN THE STRANGE LANGUAGE THAT ONLY HE COULD SPEAK!

AAAARGA! NURRRF MRURRR! BE CALM, CHIEFTAIN... BE CALM!

RRRRRR...



STAND CLEAR, YOU YOUNG WHELP! I'LL HAVE NO ILL-TEMPERED BEASTS IN MY CIRCUS!

THAPP!

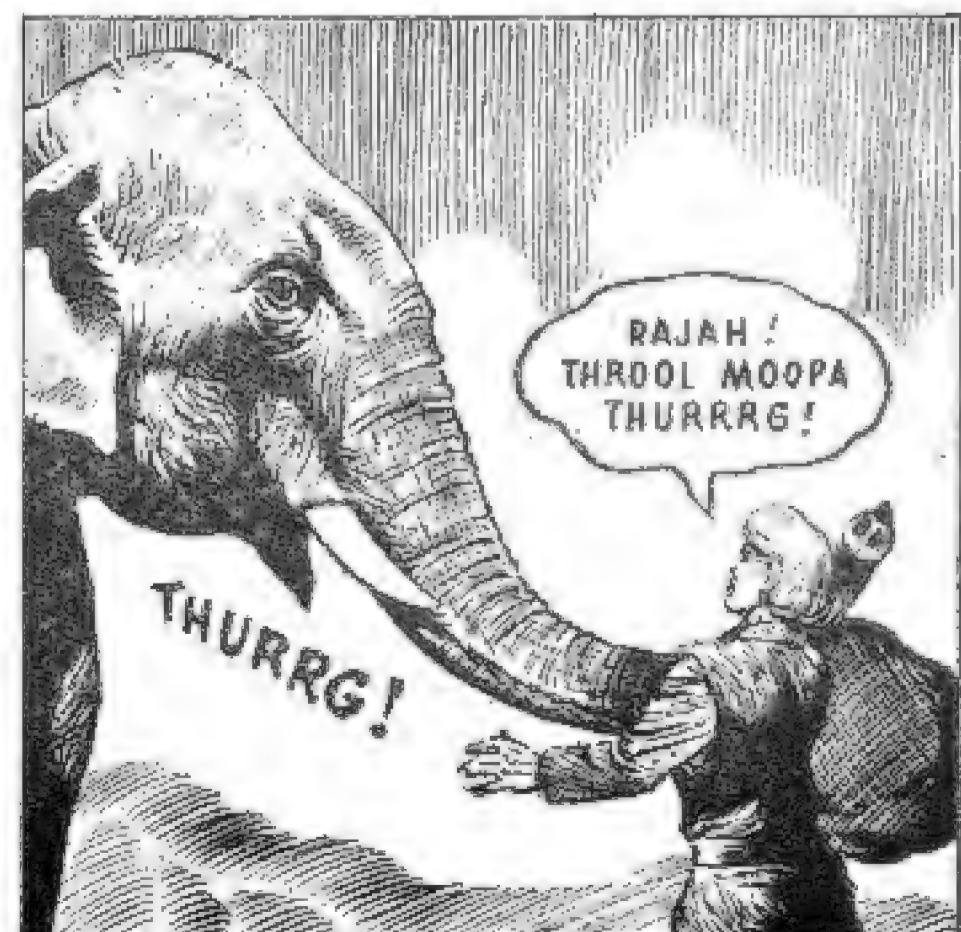
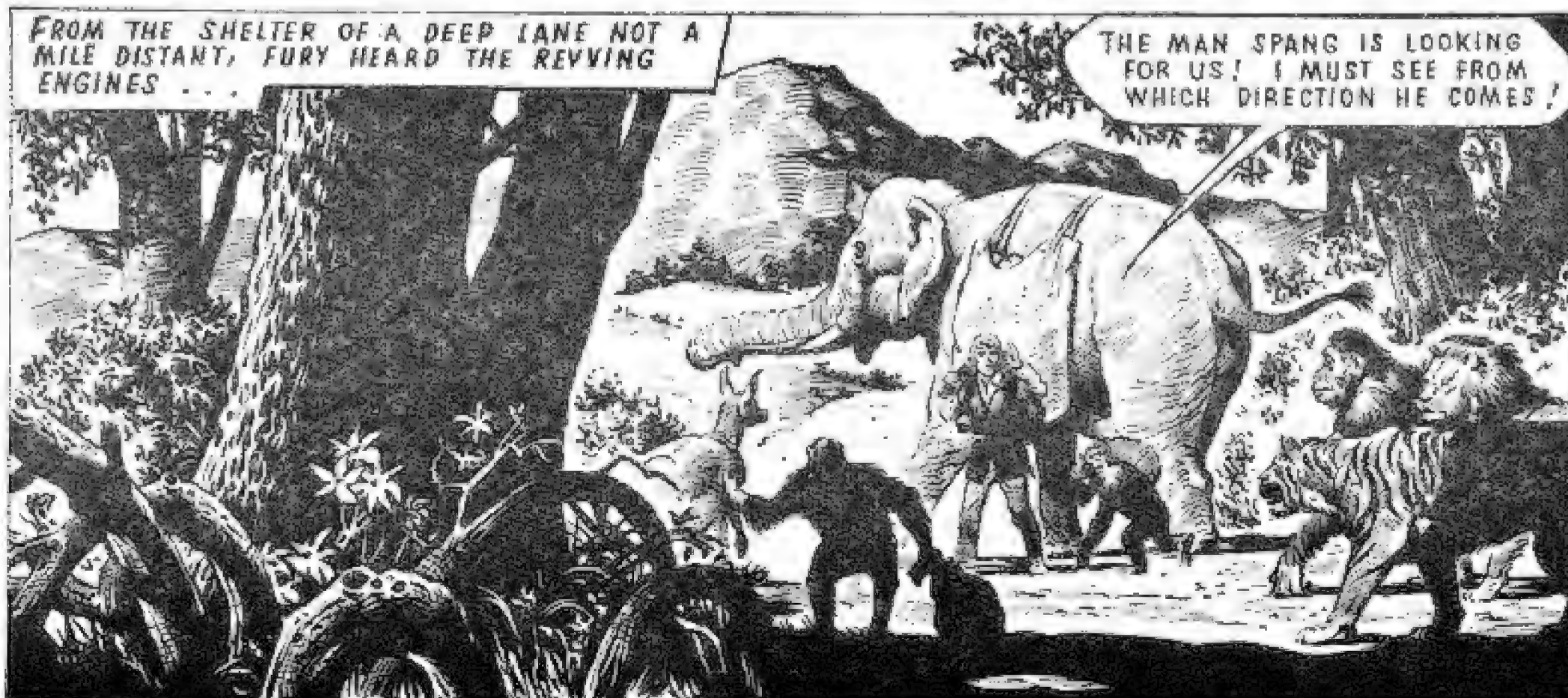
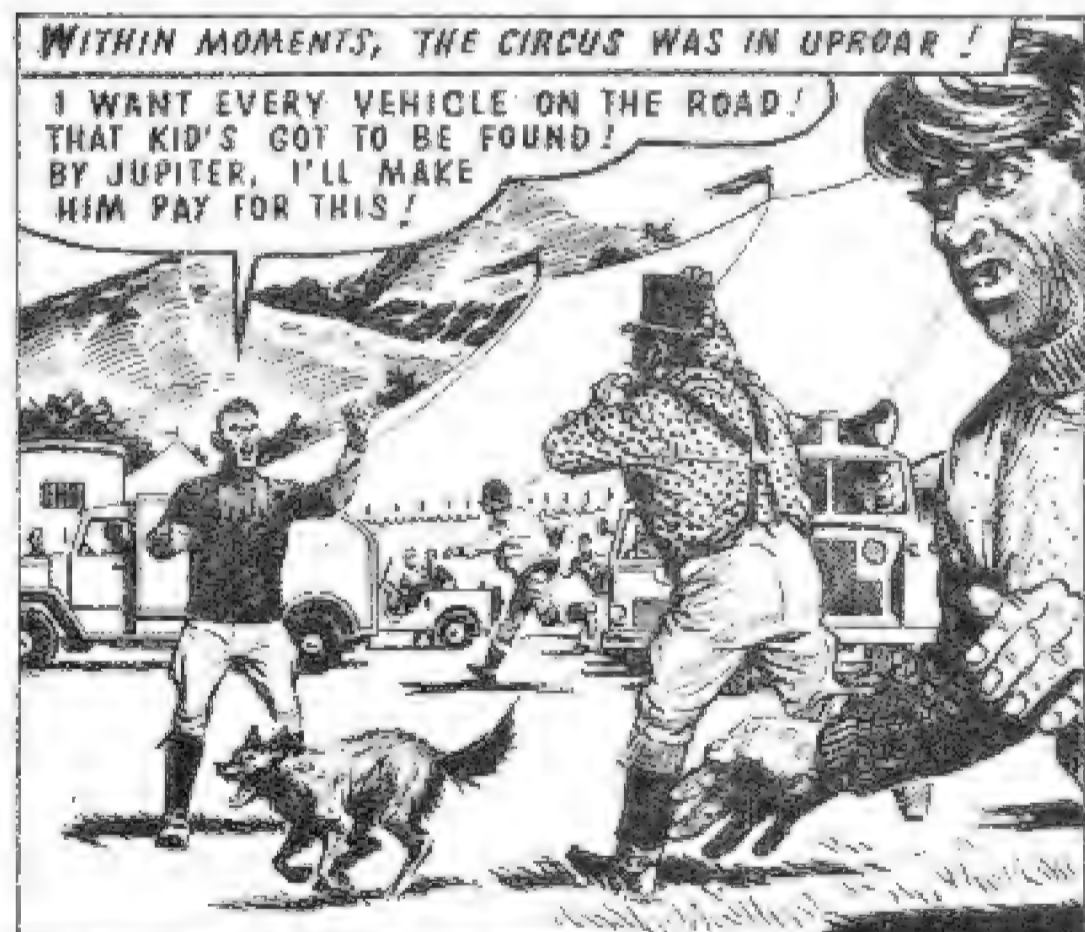
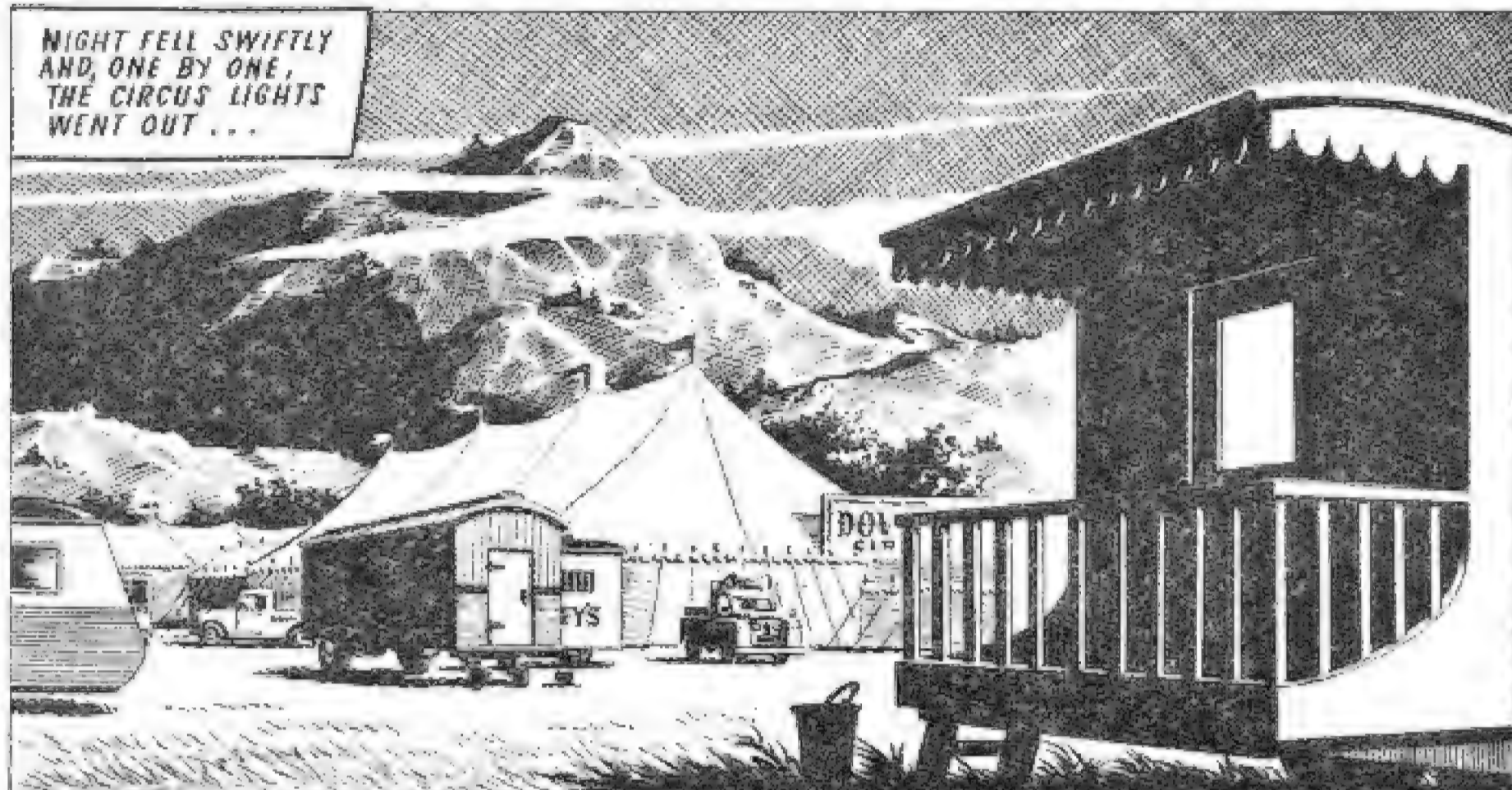


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE WHIP LASHED THE BARS. THE TERRIFIED LION FELL BACK, COWED...

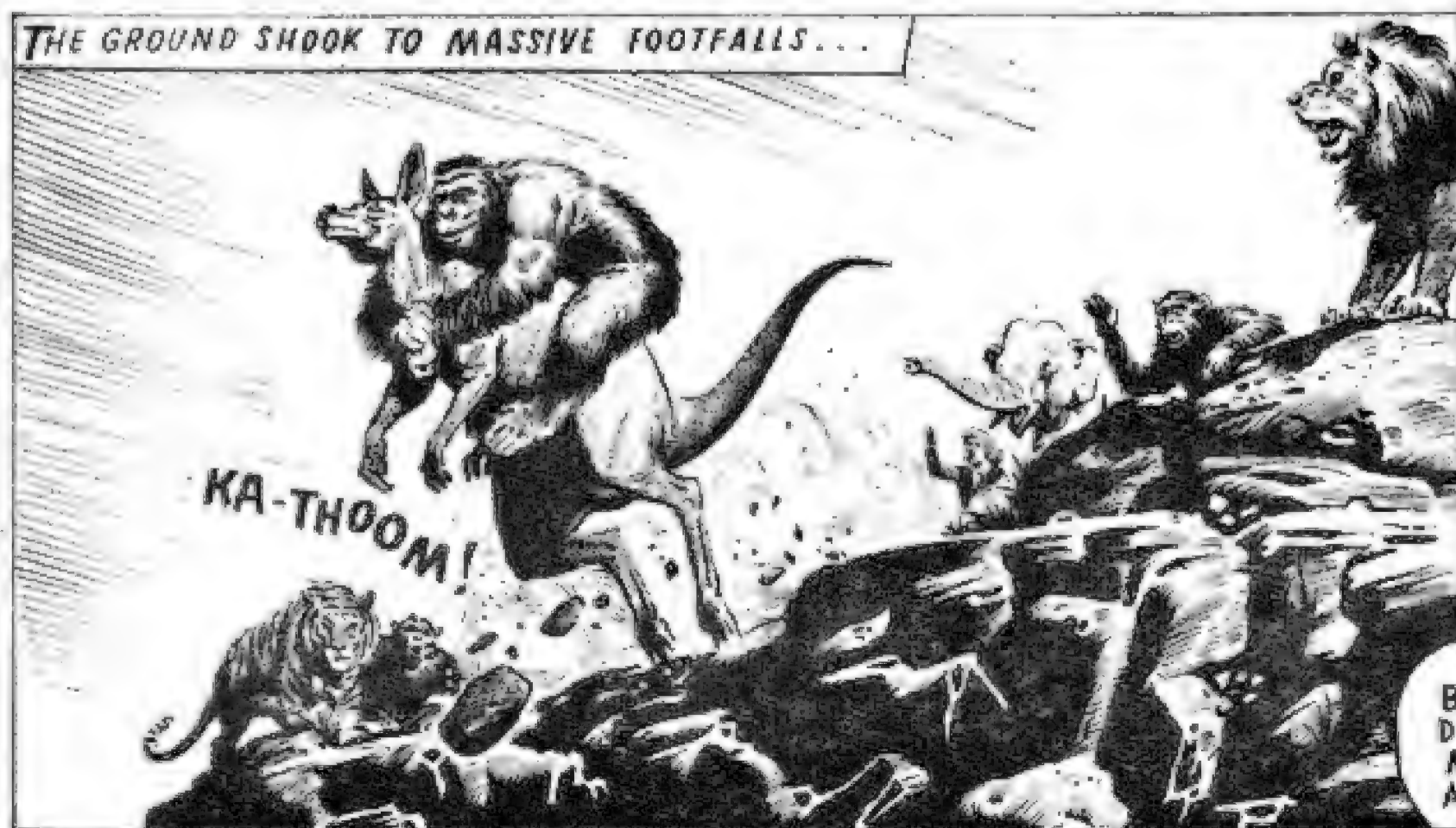
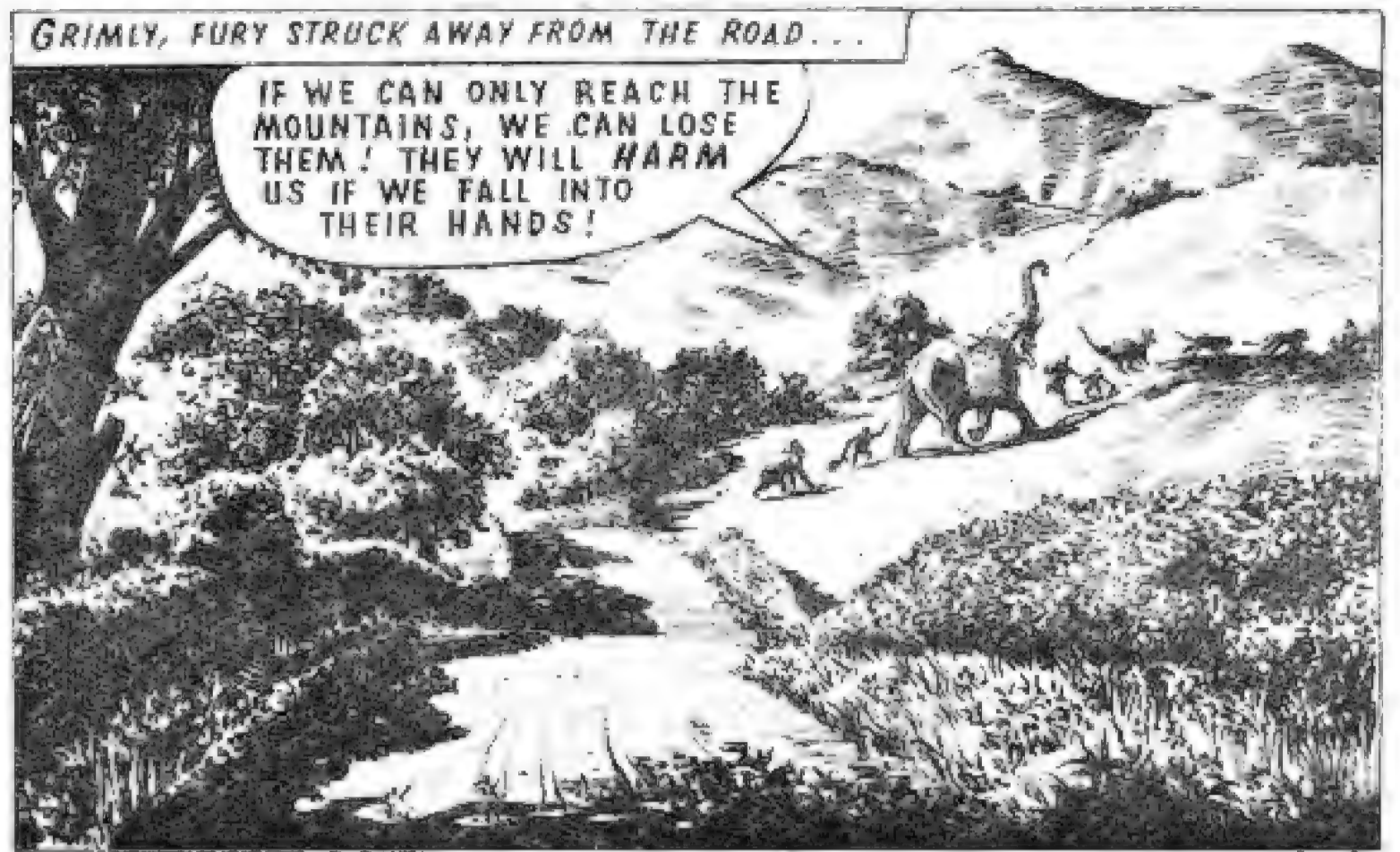
THIS IS WRONG! WHIPS CANNOT WIN A LION'S TRUST!

SHUT UP, KID! MR. SPANG KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

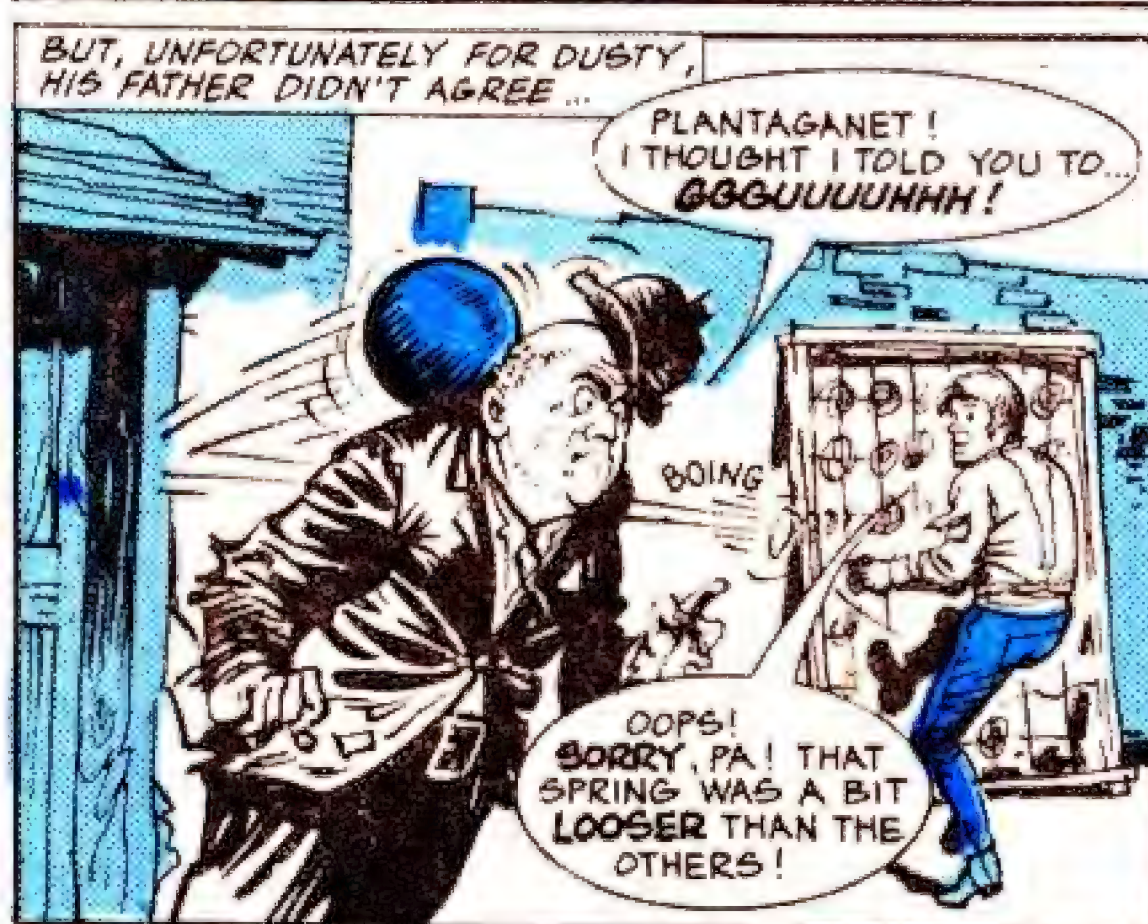
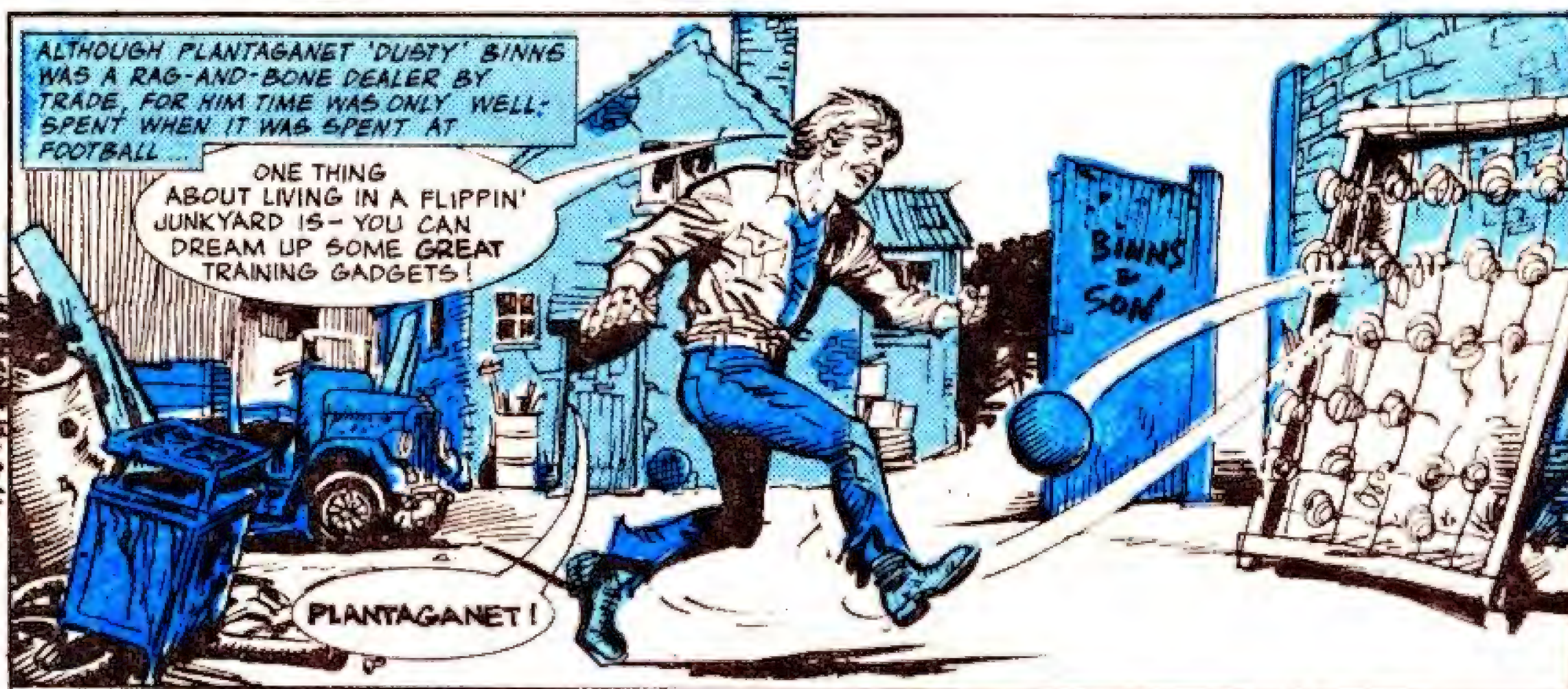
CONTINUED OVERLEAF...



The Earth is thought to be over five thousand million years old.



# STARRING THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, RAG-AND-BONE FOOTBALLER... Dusty Binns



# Chrysanthemums are eaten in Japan.

PA BINNS LOOKED SUSPICIOUSLY AT HIS SON AND JUNIOR BUSINESS PARTNER...



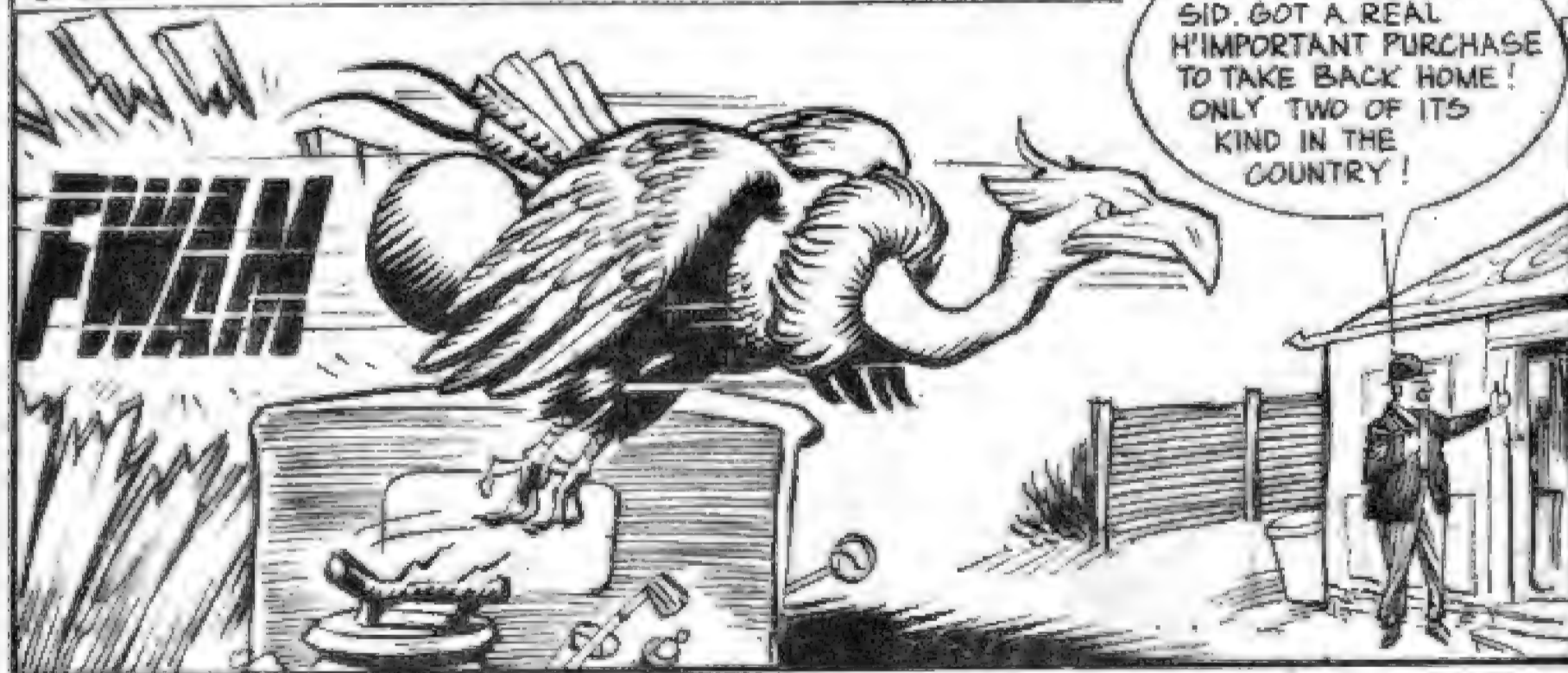
BUT THE INSTANT PA DISAPPEARED INTO THE CAFE -



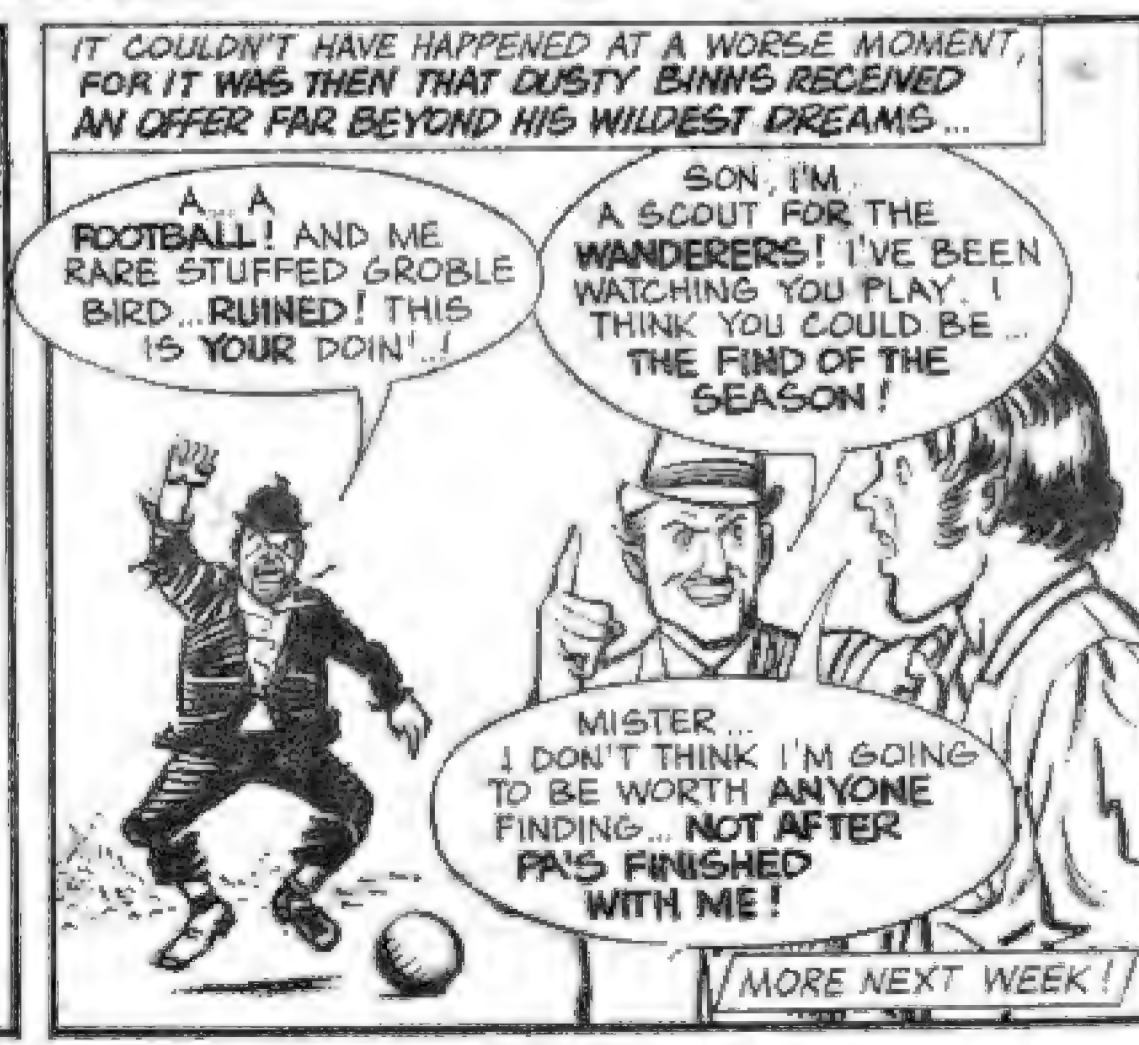
FOR FIVE HAPPY MINUTES, DUSTY TREATED HIMSELF TO A FEAST OF FOOTBALL...



STRAIGHT INTO THE GROBLE BIRD SLAMMED THE HURLING LEATHER...



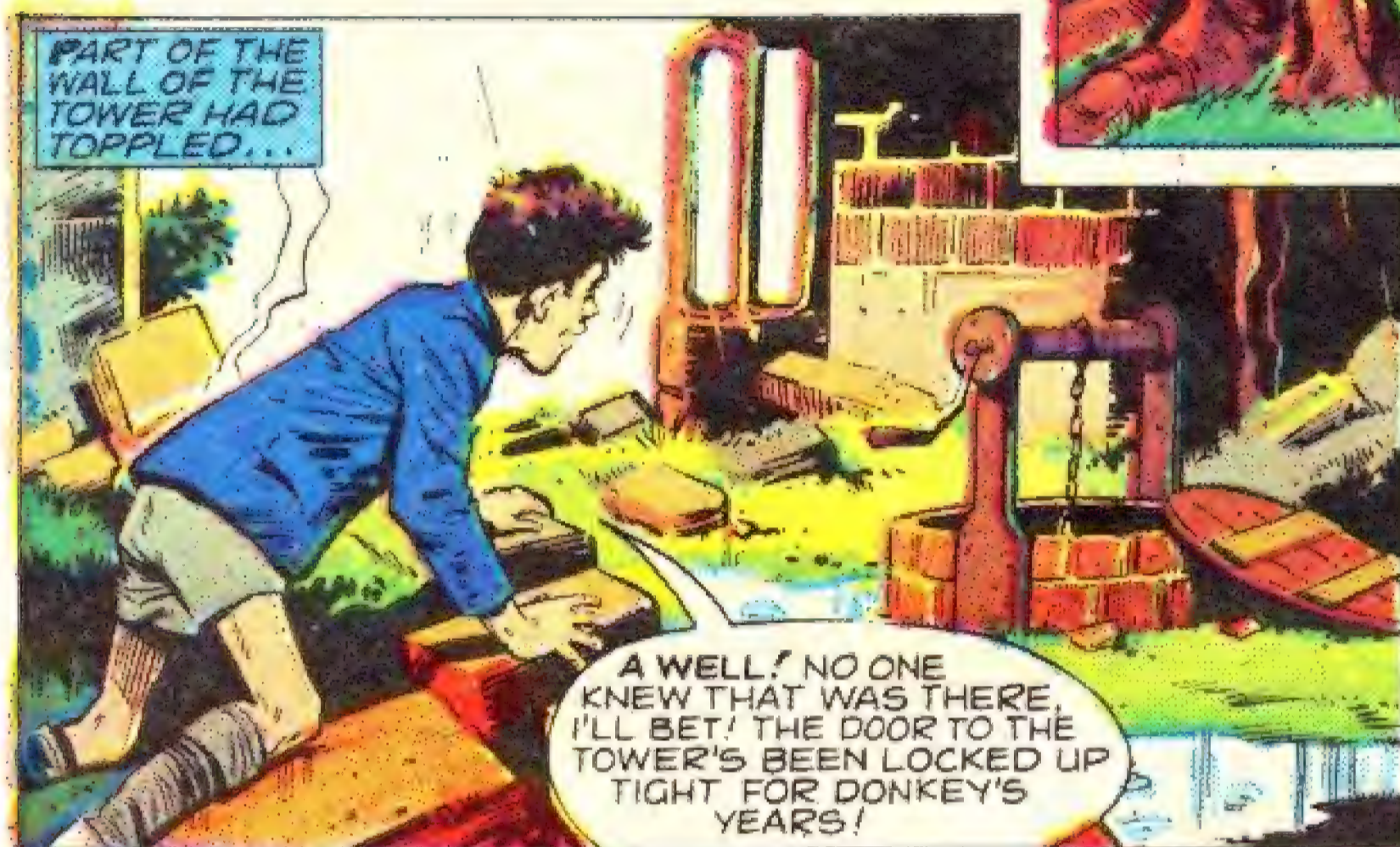
AS PA TURNED, HE SAW...



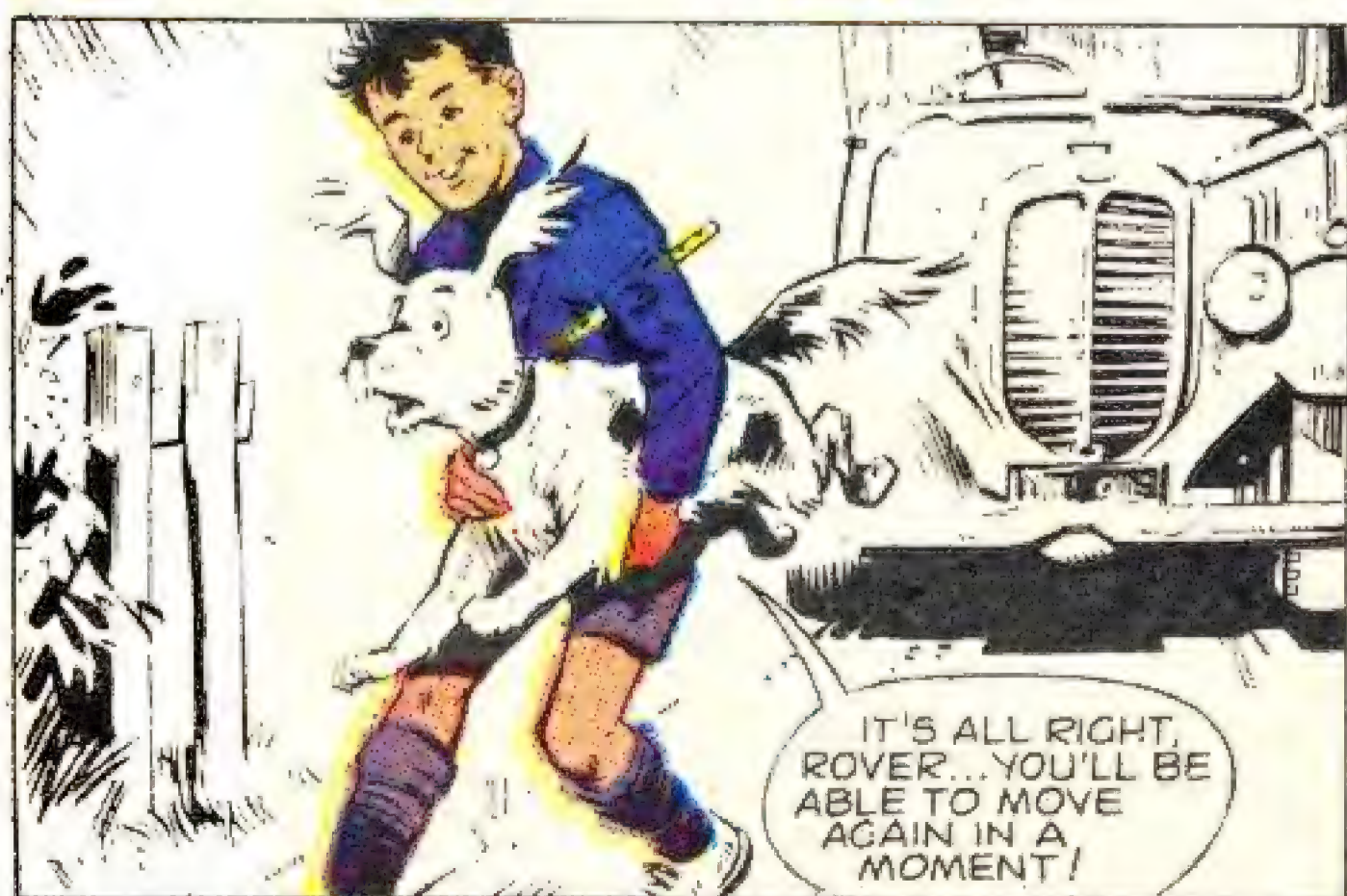
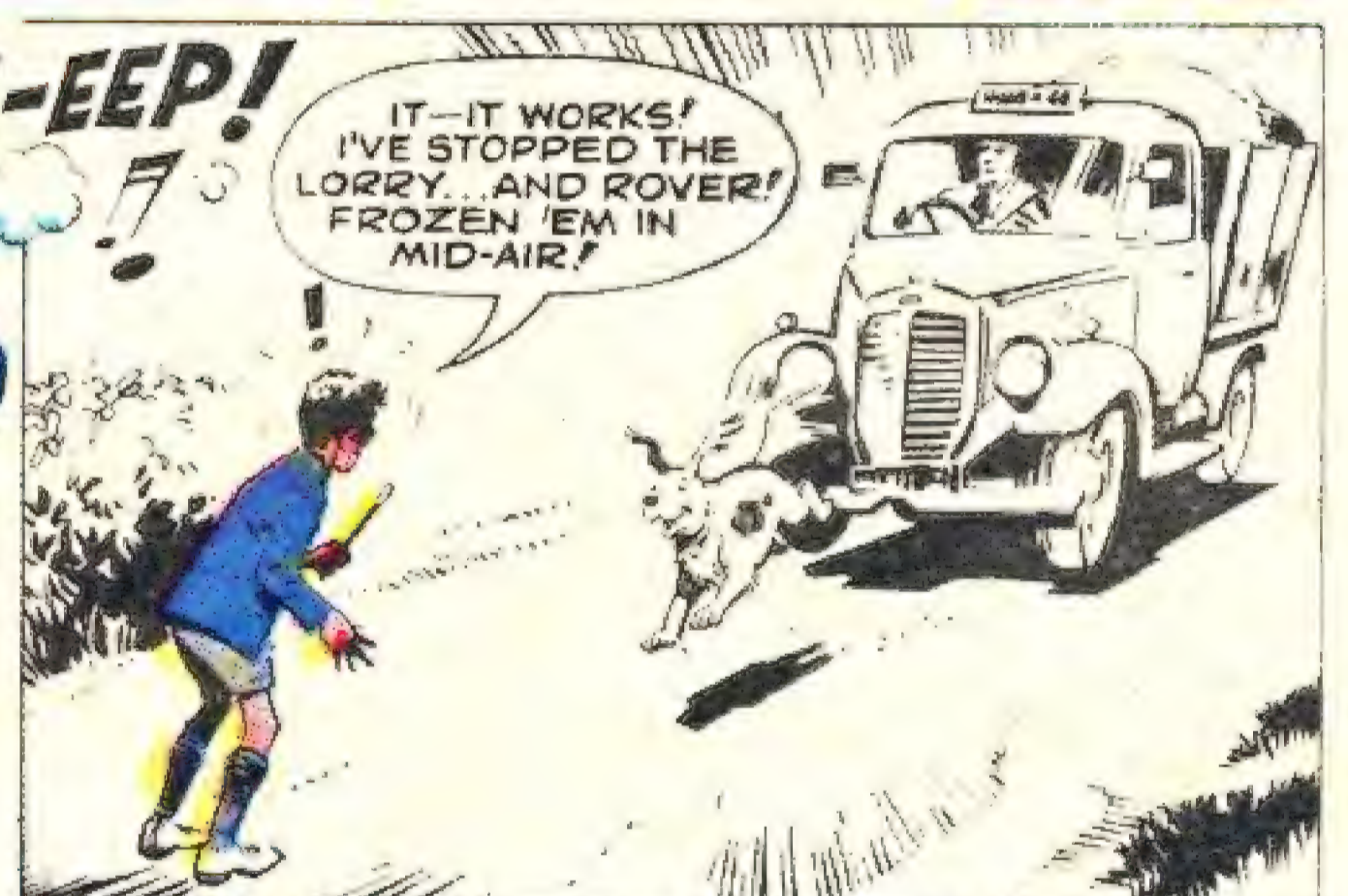
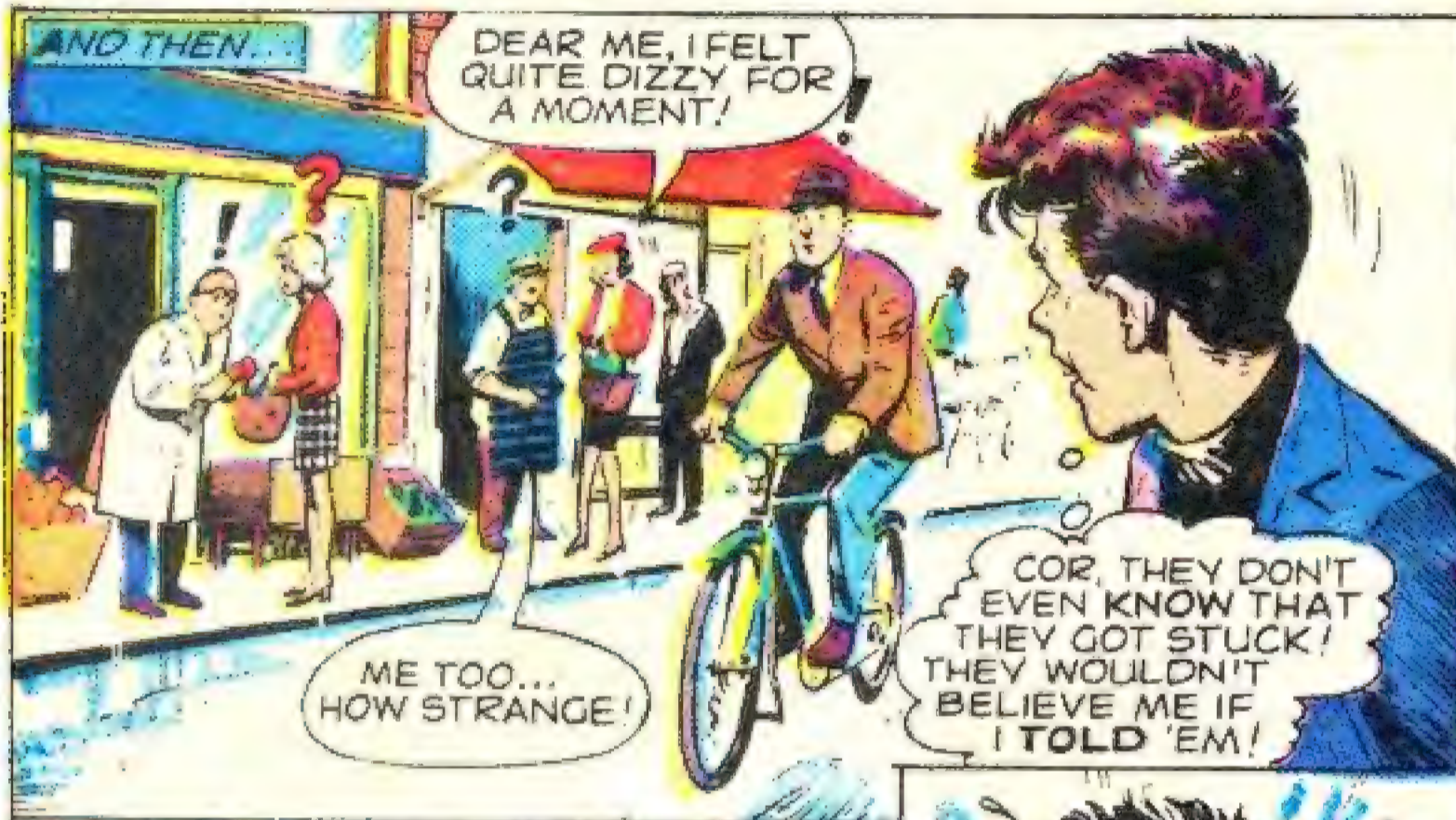
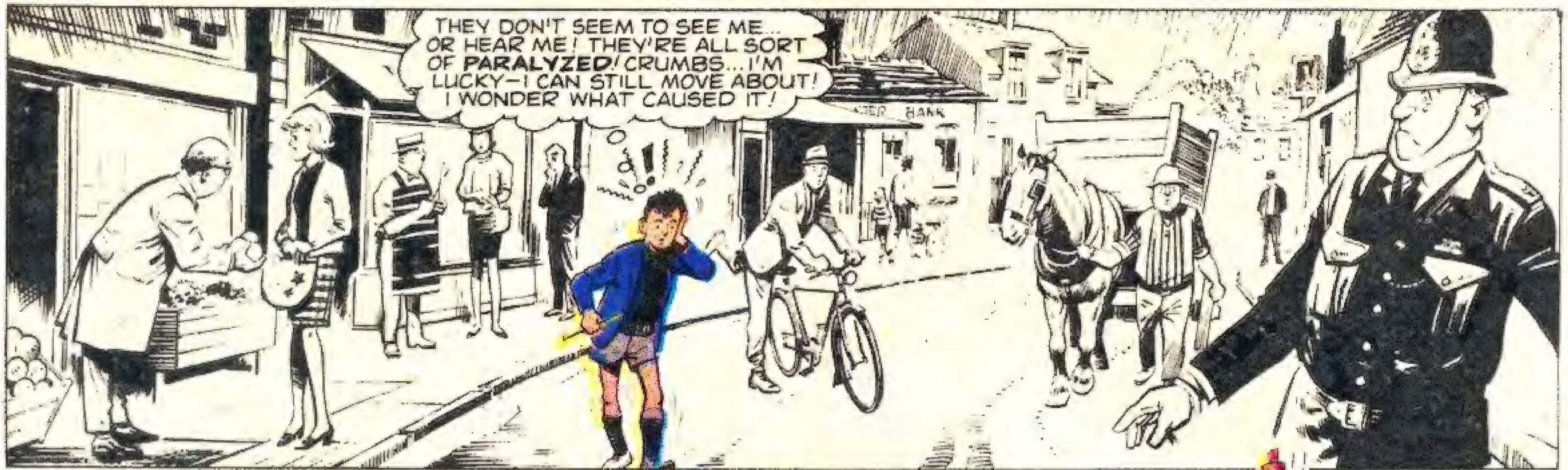
**A TOOTLE ON PHIL'S FLUTE-AND EVERYTHING STOPPED!**

# PHIL THE FLUTER

PHIL TAYLOR WAS ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AT CLAYTHORPE. HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS RAINCOAT AND AS THE RAIN BEGAN TO POUR DOWN AND THUNDER CLOUDS DARKENED THE SKY, HE TOOK REFUGE UNDER THE TREES NEAR THE RUINS OF CLAYTHORPE ABBEY. SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A TERRIFIC THUNDER-CLAP AND VIVID LIGHTNING...

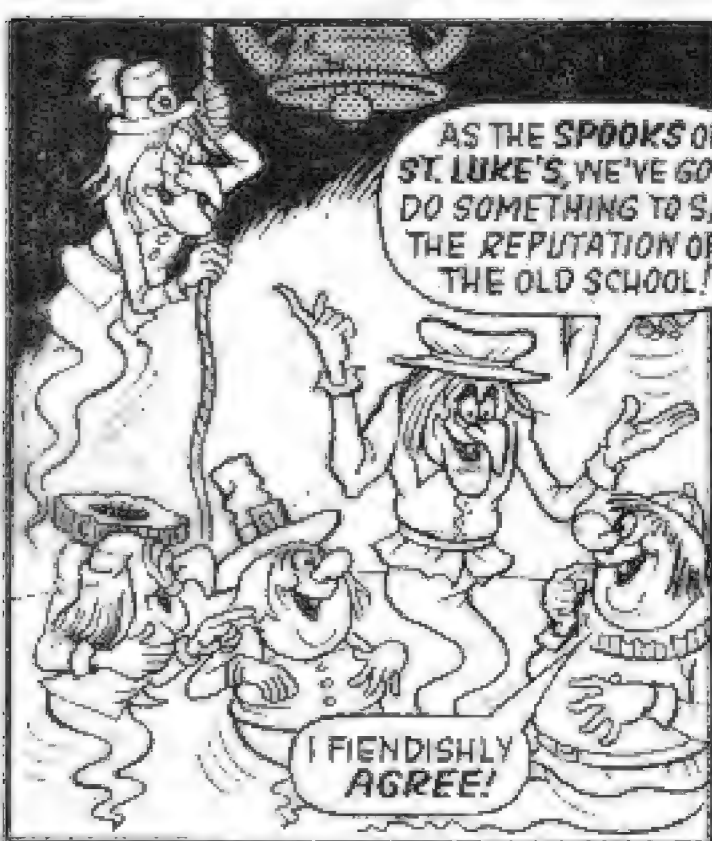
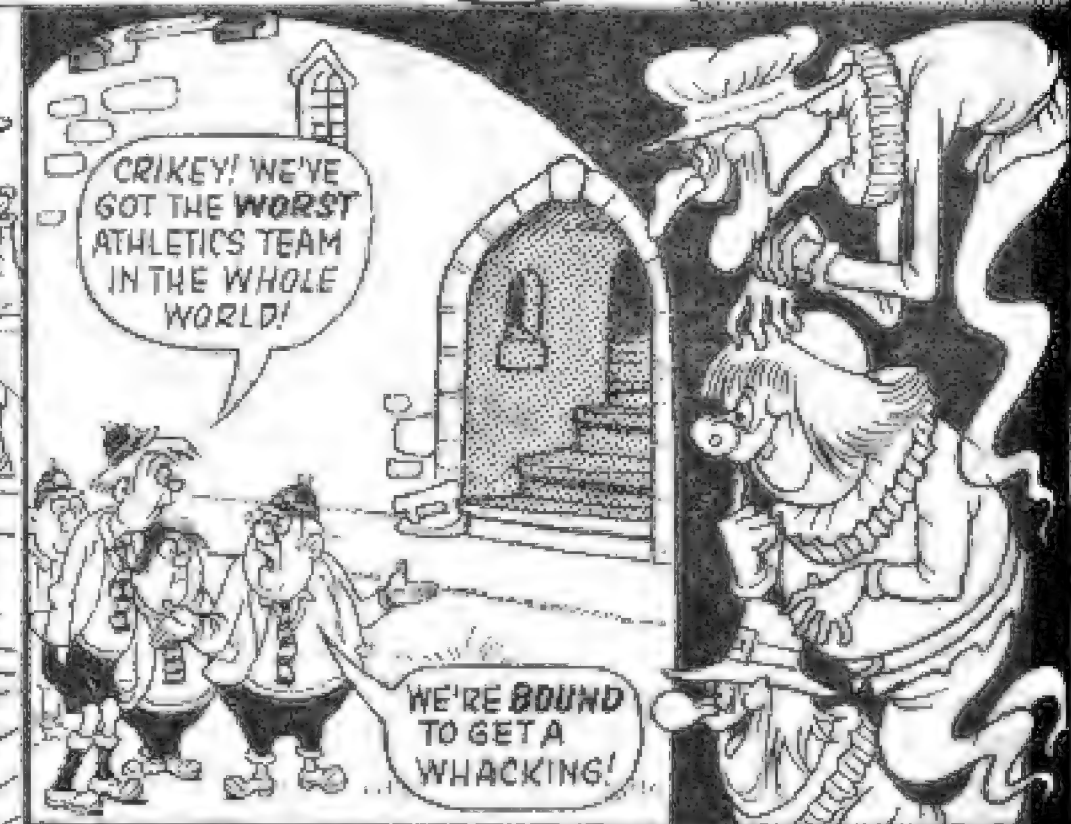


The biggest statue in the world is the Great Sphinx in Egypt.



# ST. LUKE'S IS HAUNTED... BY THE FRIENDLIEST GHOSTS EVER!

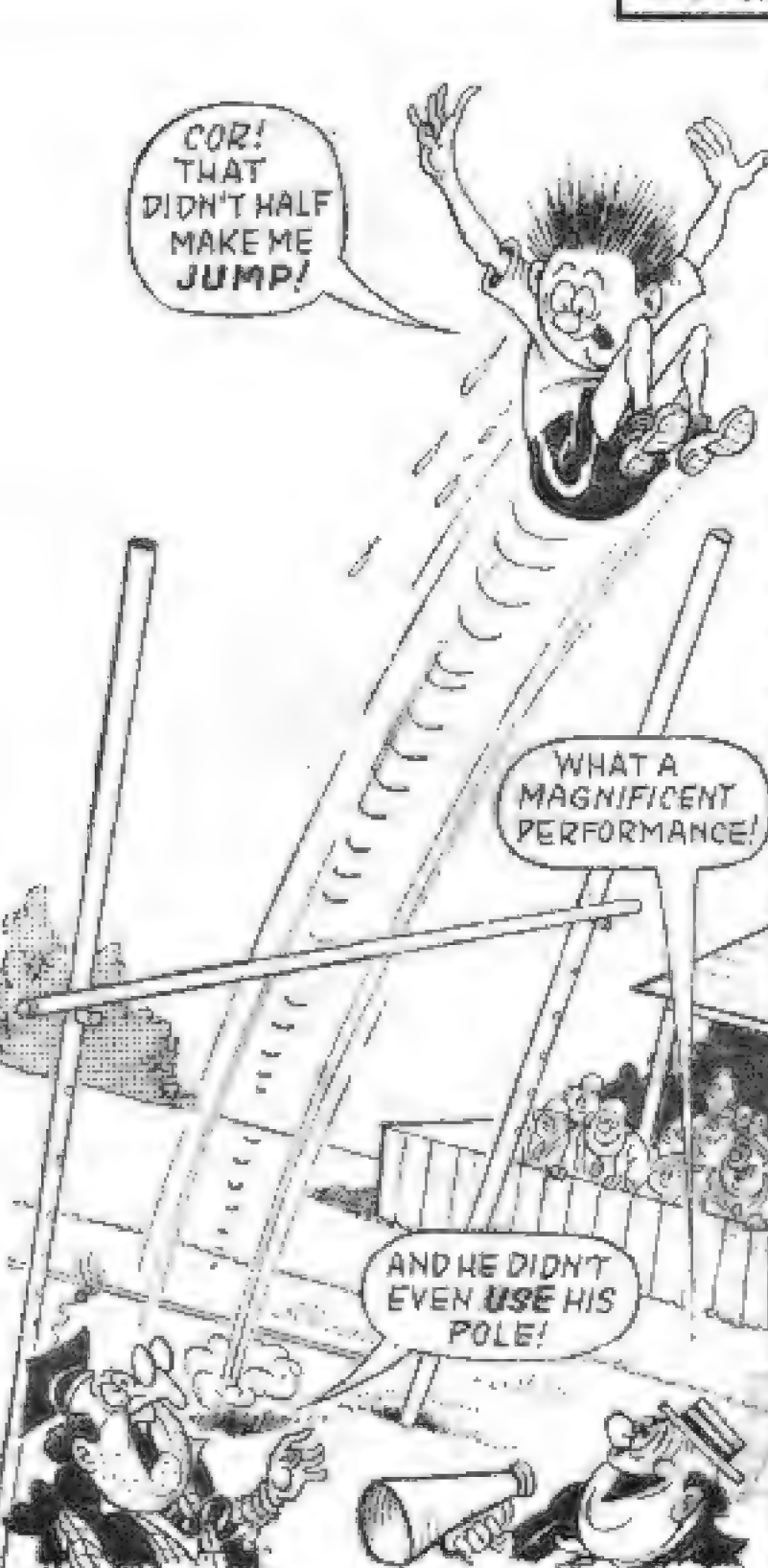
## THE SPOOKS OF ST. LUKE'S



THE NEXT DAY...



THE NEXT EVENT...



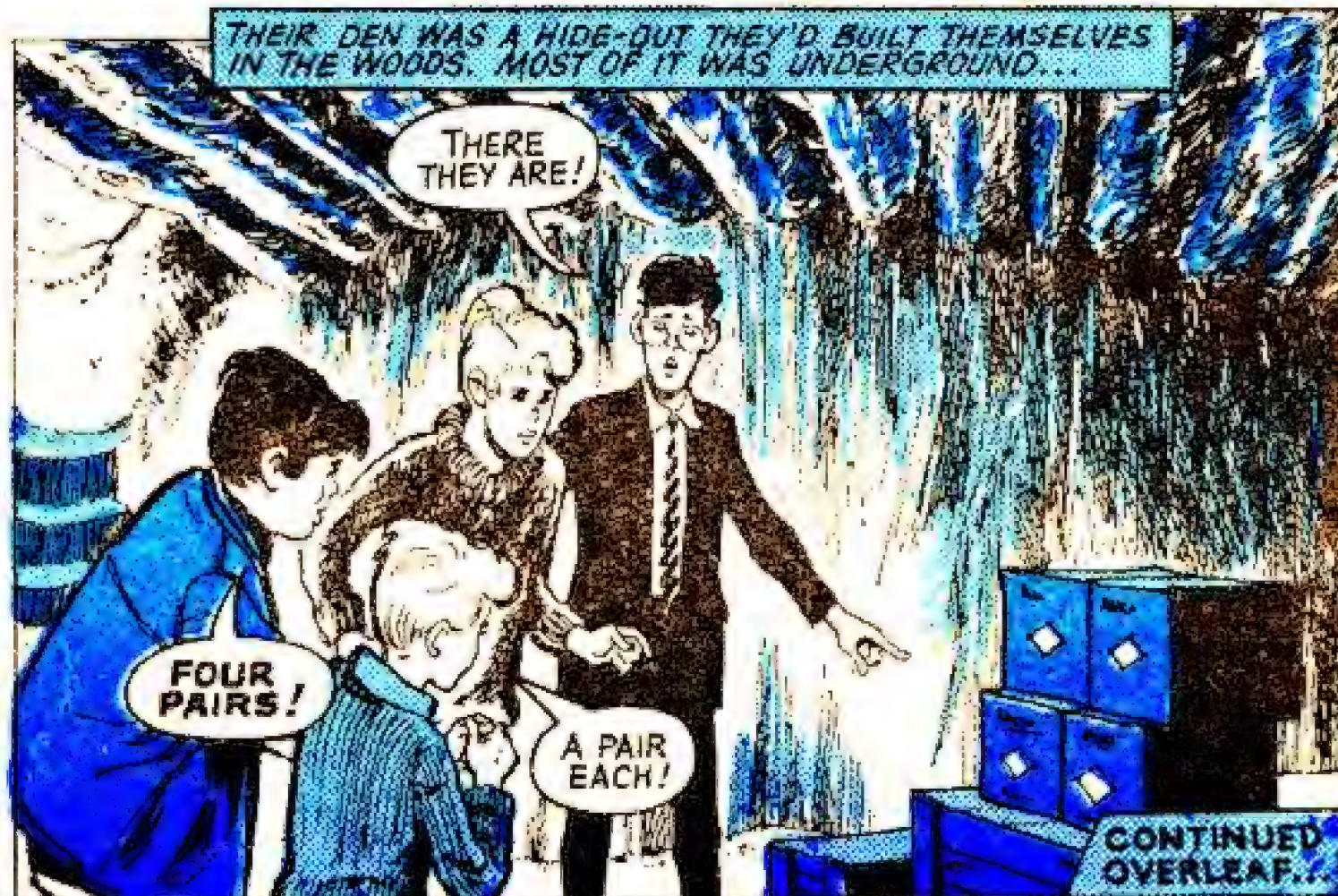
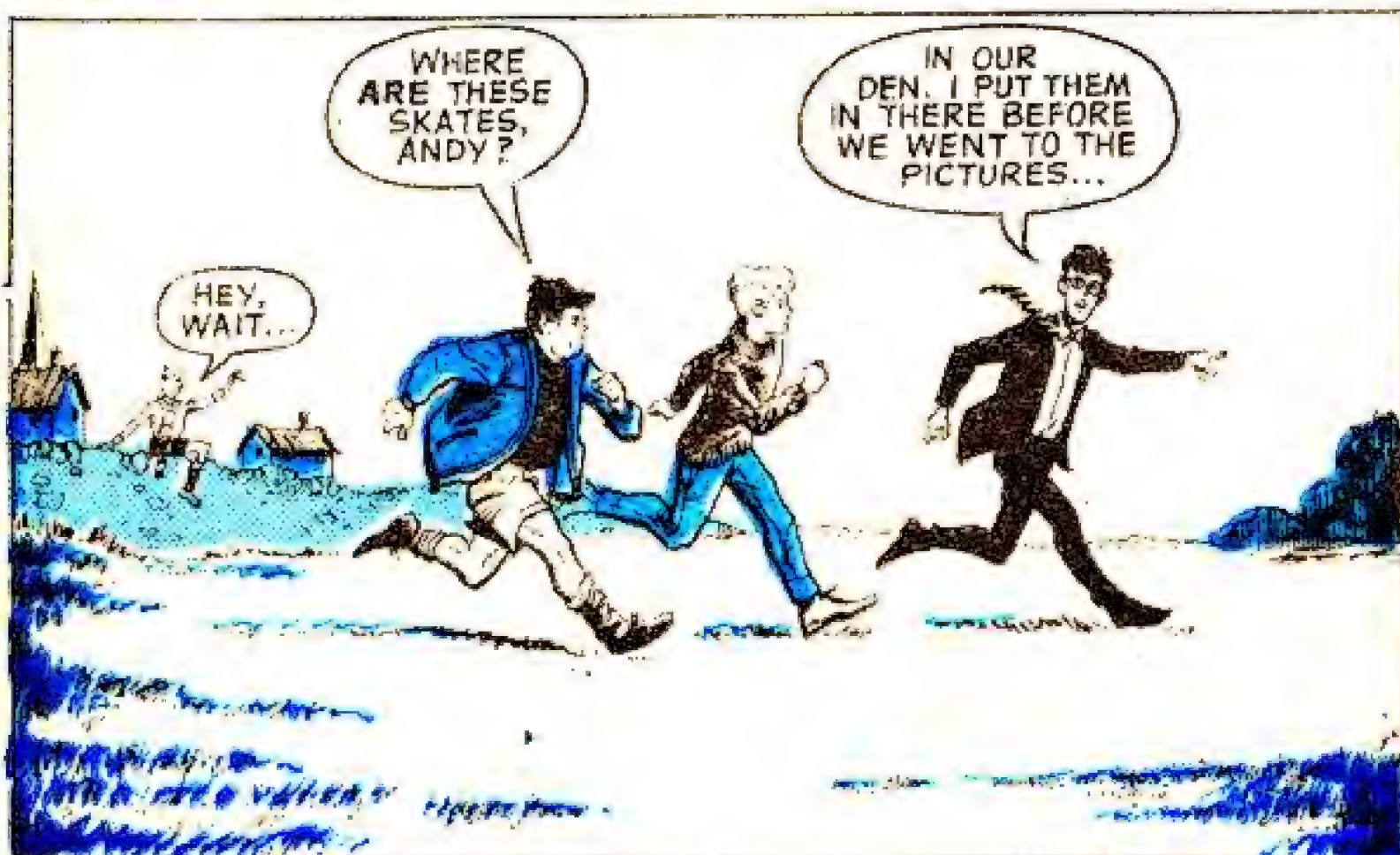
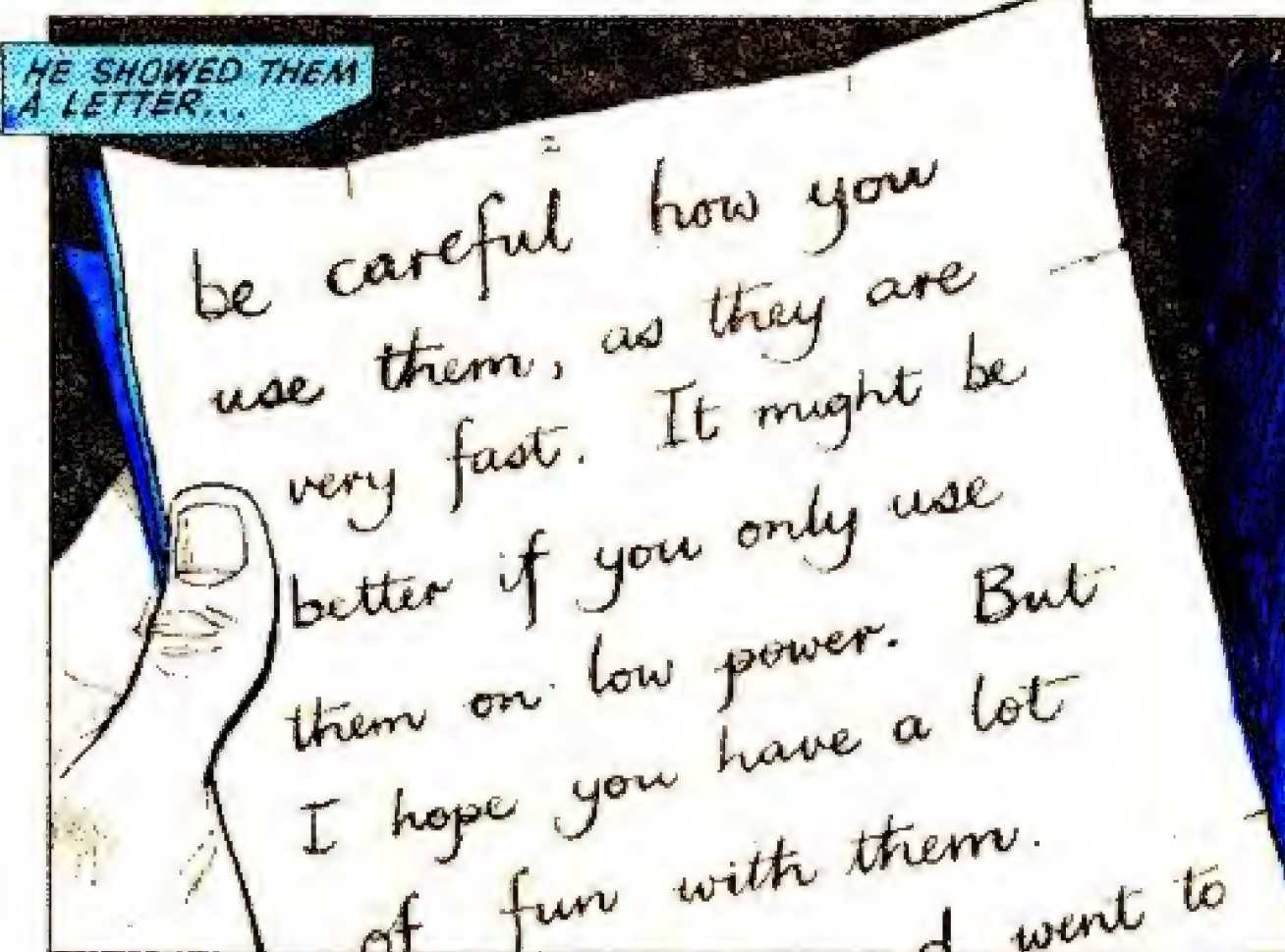
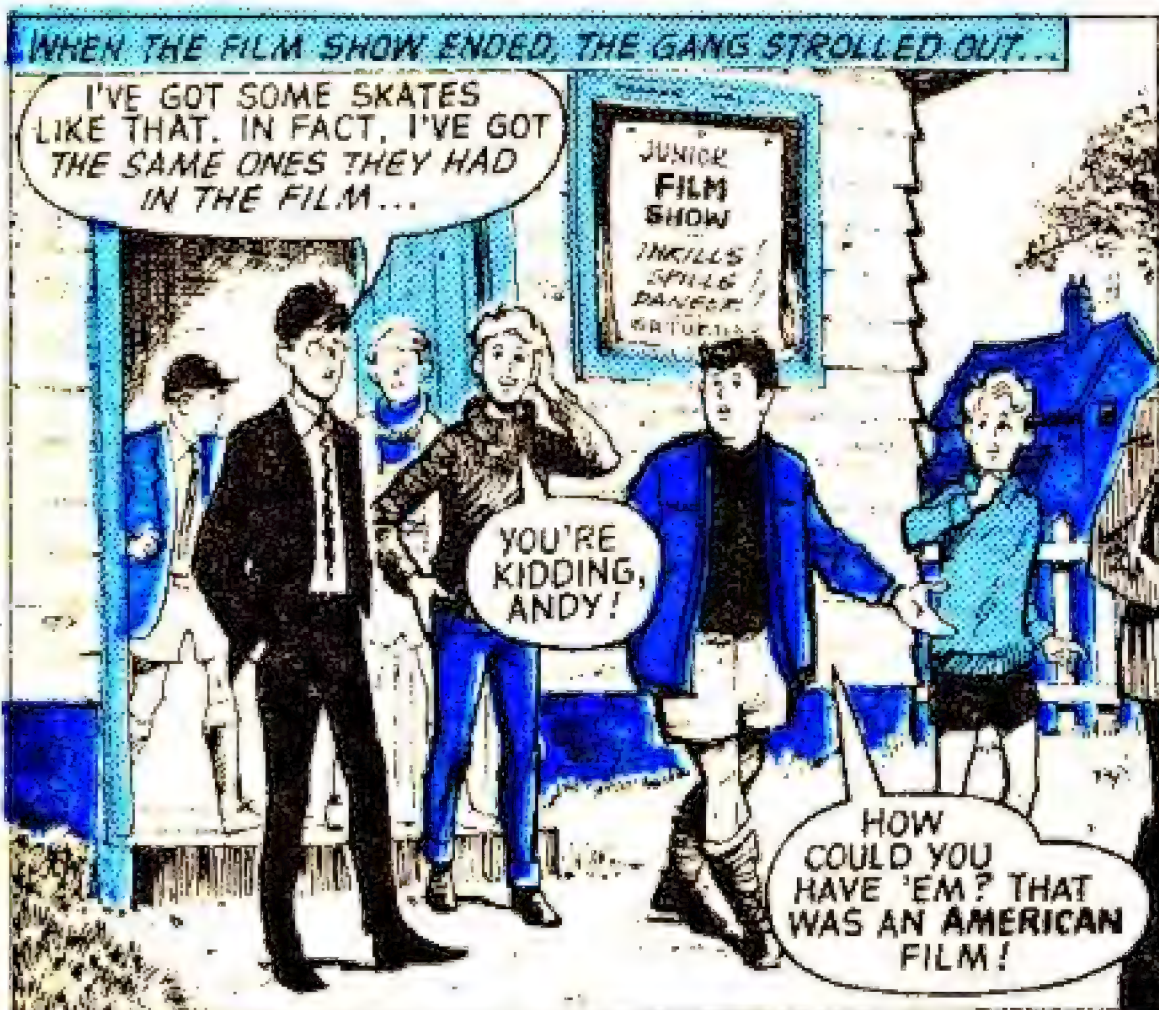
THAT NIGHT AT SUPPER...



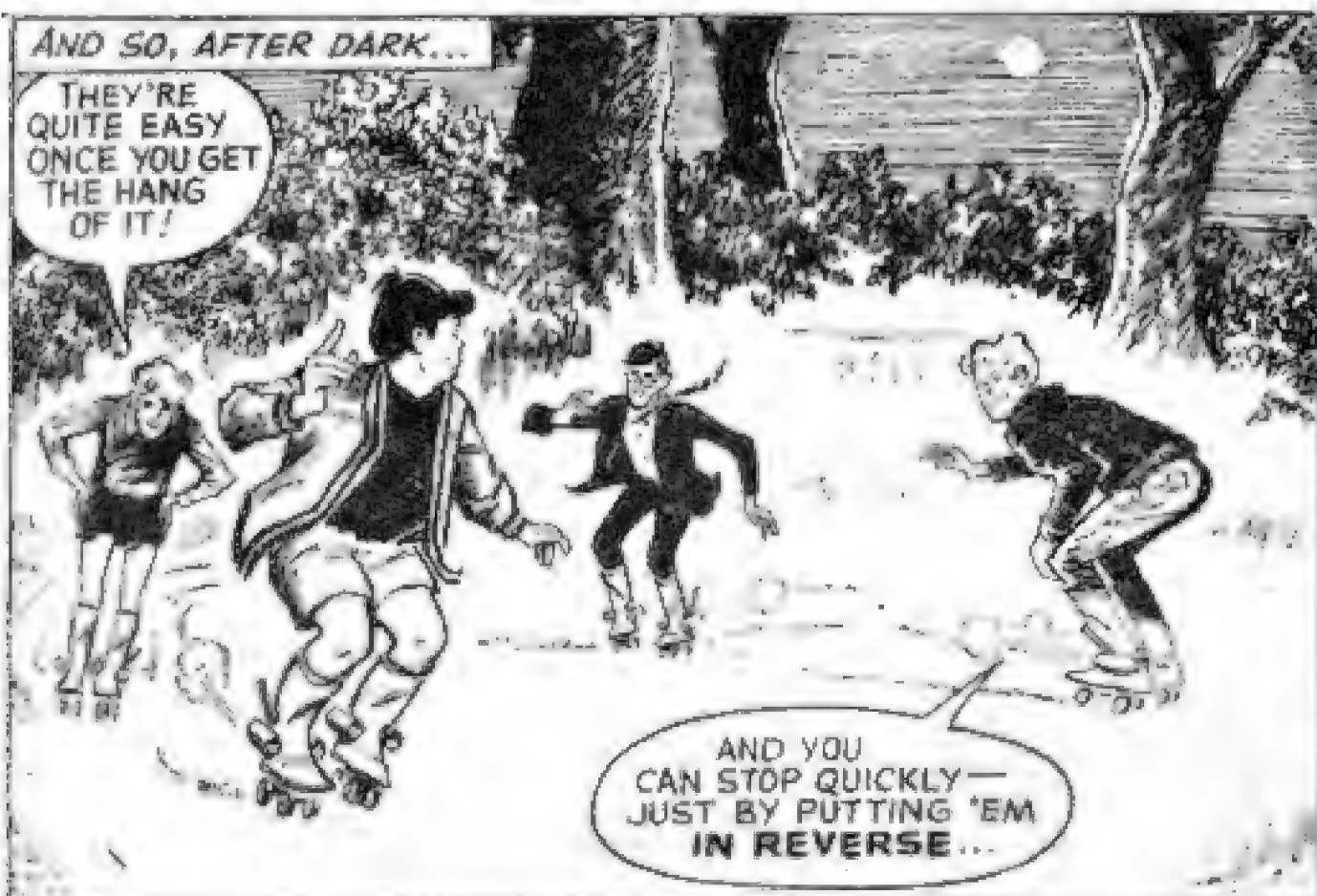
THEY ZOOM...THEY FLY...THEY SWOOOOOSH INTO ACTION!

# THE JET-SKATEERS

EVERY WEEK, FOUR BOYS WENT TO THE LOCAL CINEMA IN THE VILLAGE ON A SATURDAY MORNING. PETER AND JIMMY CLARKE, GORDON STONE AND ANDREW JACKSON... KNOWN AS THE GANG, BECAUSE THEY WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER. ONE SATURDAY MORNING, THEY SAT WATCHING INTENTLY...



A Frenchman swam underwater for 6 minutes 30 seconds without taking a breath.



The world's longest fence, in Queensland, Australia, is 3,437 miles long.



DOOMED NEVER TO DIE, HE WANDERED THE EARTH FOR CENTURIES ON END!



# ADAM ETERNO

A MAN TRAPPED BY A TERRIBLE DESTINY... A VICTIM OF HIS OWN, INCREDIBLE POWER! OUR STORY BEGINS IN AN ALCHEMIST'S NOVEL, SOMEWHERE IN 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ENGLAND, AS A SHRILL, EXULTANT CRY RANG THROUGH THE FLICKERING SHADOWS!



THE POTION IS READY, ADAM! SOON WE WILL KNOW IF I HAVE DISCOVERED THE ELIXIR OF LIFE - THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH!

BY THE POWERS...



DRINK, MASTER! I CANNOT WAIT TO SEE IF THE POTION WORKS -!

NO! THE CHEMICALS NEED TIME TO BLEND, AND SIMMER!



BUT ADAM ETERNO COULD NOT WAIT! THAT NIGHT, AS HIS MASTER SLEPT...

WHY SHOULD THE DREAM OF ALL MEN BE WASTED ON THAT FRAGILE BAG OF BONES? I SHALL QUAFF THE ELIXIR, IN RETURN FOR MY YEARS OF SLAVISH DEVOTION!



BUT EVEN AS HE POURED THE STRANGE, GREENISH LIQUID DOWN HIS THROAT...

AAH! SO YOU BETRAY ME! A CURSE UPON YOU, ADAM...



I VOW, BY THE SEVEN ROBES OF RANAS, THAT THE POTION WILL GIVE YOU A SECOND GIFT... THE GIFT OF EVERLASTING LIFE! YOU ARE DOOMED TO WANDER THE WORLD THROUGH THE LABYRINTHS OF TIME...!

PAH! SUCH GIBBERISH CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME...!



ONLY ONE THING WILL RESTORE YOU TO YOUR NORMAL SELF... A MORTAL BLOW... DELIVERED WITH A WEAPON OF SOLID GOLD!

AS HIS FRAIL BODY QUIVERING WITH RAGE, THE DOCTOR TOTTERED FOR A SECOND AT THE HEAD OF THE PRECARIOUS STAIRWAY, THEN...

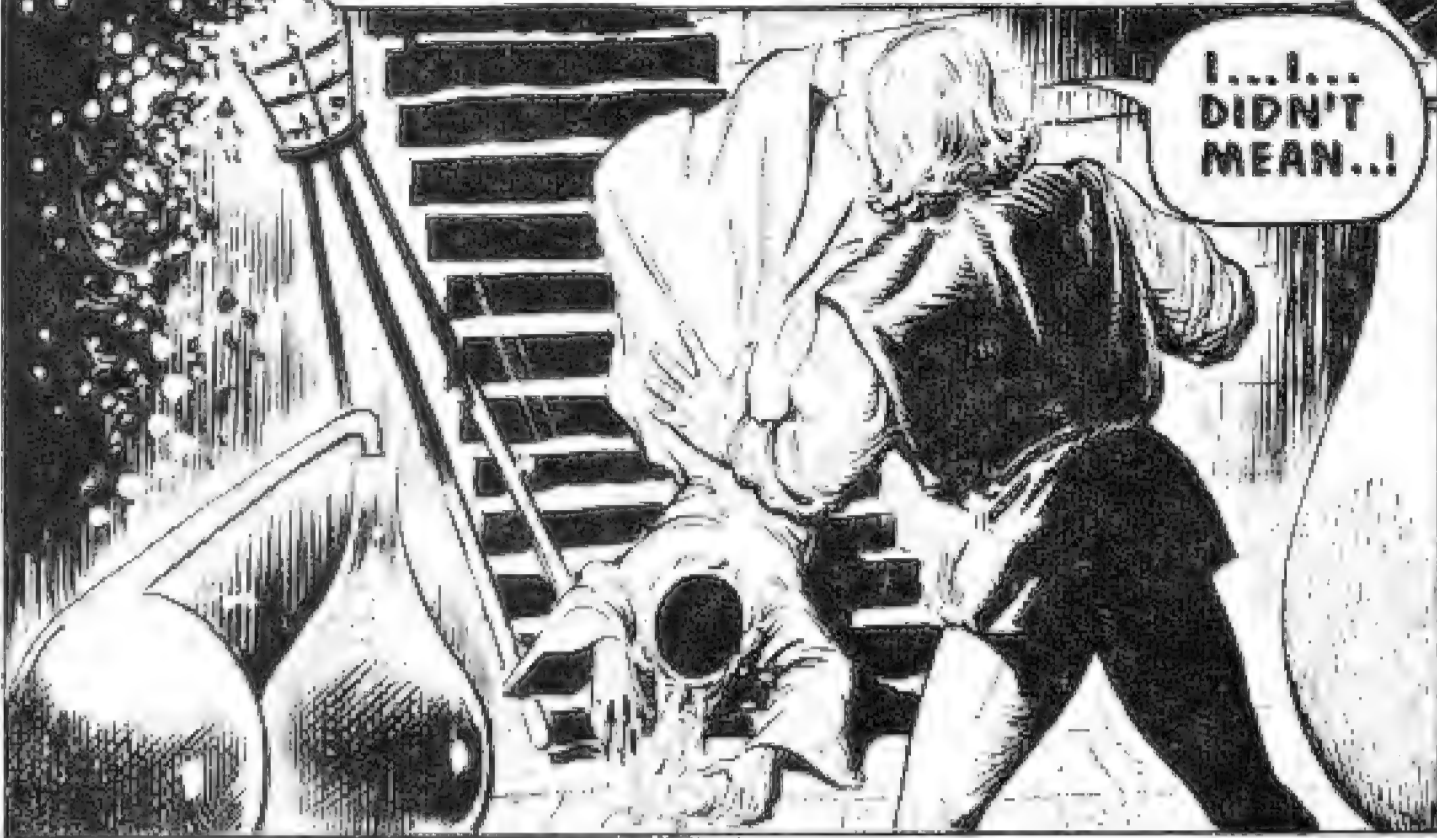


DOCTOR... NO... NO!

AAAAAAA!

King Victor Emanuel II of Italy used to frame his toenails with jewels.

AS HIS FATAL FALL ENDED ON THE STONE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER, A FLAMING BRAZIER TOPPLED OVER...



WITHIN SECONDS, THE LABORATORY WAS A MASS OF FLAMES...



THE FIRE HAD ATTRACTED A CROWD OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE—



THEN TO THE UTTER AMAZEMENT OF THE VILLAGERS...



A WILD, INCREDULOUS CRY RANG THROUGH THE NIGHT!

THE DOCTOR HAS PERISHED... BUT I STILL LIVE! THE FLAMES HAVE NOT EVEN SCORCHED ME... THE CURSE HAS COME TRUE!



I CANNOT DIE, AND I CAN NEVER GROW OLD! I, ADAM ETERNO, AM INVINCIBLE... HAH, HAH, HEEEEEE!



CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

The highest railway station in Britain is Dalnaspidal, Perthshire.

BUT, AS TIME PASSED, ADAM ETERNO BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE TERRIBLE MEANING OF THE ALCHEMIST'S CURSE...

ETERNO HAS LIVED AMONGST US FOR SIXTY YEARS... YET HE ALWAYS LOOKS THE SAME!

HE IS AS STRONG, AND YOUTHFUL NOW AS HE WAS IN MY BOYHOOD!

FEAR AND SUSPICION FOLLOWED HIM WHEREVER HE JOURNEYED...

BEGONE FROM OUR COMMUNITY! YOU ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD!

HE DEFILES THE LAWS OF NATURE!

IN DESPERATION, HE JOINED THE ARMY. AT THE AGE OF 263, HE FOUGHT IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS!

ADVANCE! DRIVE BACK THE FRENCHIES, MY LADS!

BUT EVEN THE HARDENED FIGHTING MEN WERE UNNERVED BY ADAM ETERNO'S AMAZING GIFT...

LOOK... HE IS STILL GOING ON! YET THE SHELL STRUCK HIM SQUARELY ON THE CHEST!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER, IN THE FIRST GREAT WAR, HE STRODE LIKE A DEATH-DEFYING SHADOW ACROSS THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS...

WHAT KIND OF MAN IS THIS?

ACH, HIMMEL! WE HAVE EMPTIED OUR GUN AT HIM... BUT HE DOES NOT FALL!

TO FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE, HE WAS A CREATURE TO BE FEARED...

WHY DOST THOU STARE AT ME? I SAVED YOUR LIVES! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I WIPED OUT THE MACHINE-GUN!

HE... HE AIN'T HUMAN! HE CAN'T BE!!

REJECTED EVEN BY THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD, ADAM ETERNO WANDERED ON, AND ON... A BITTER, LONELY OUTCAST, SEARCHING ONLY FOR ONE THING...

1936

1937

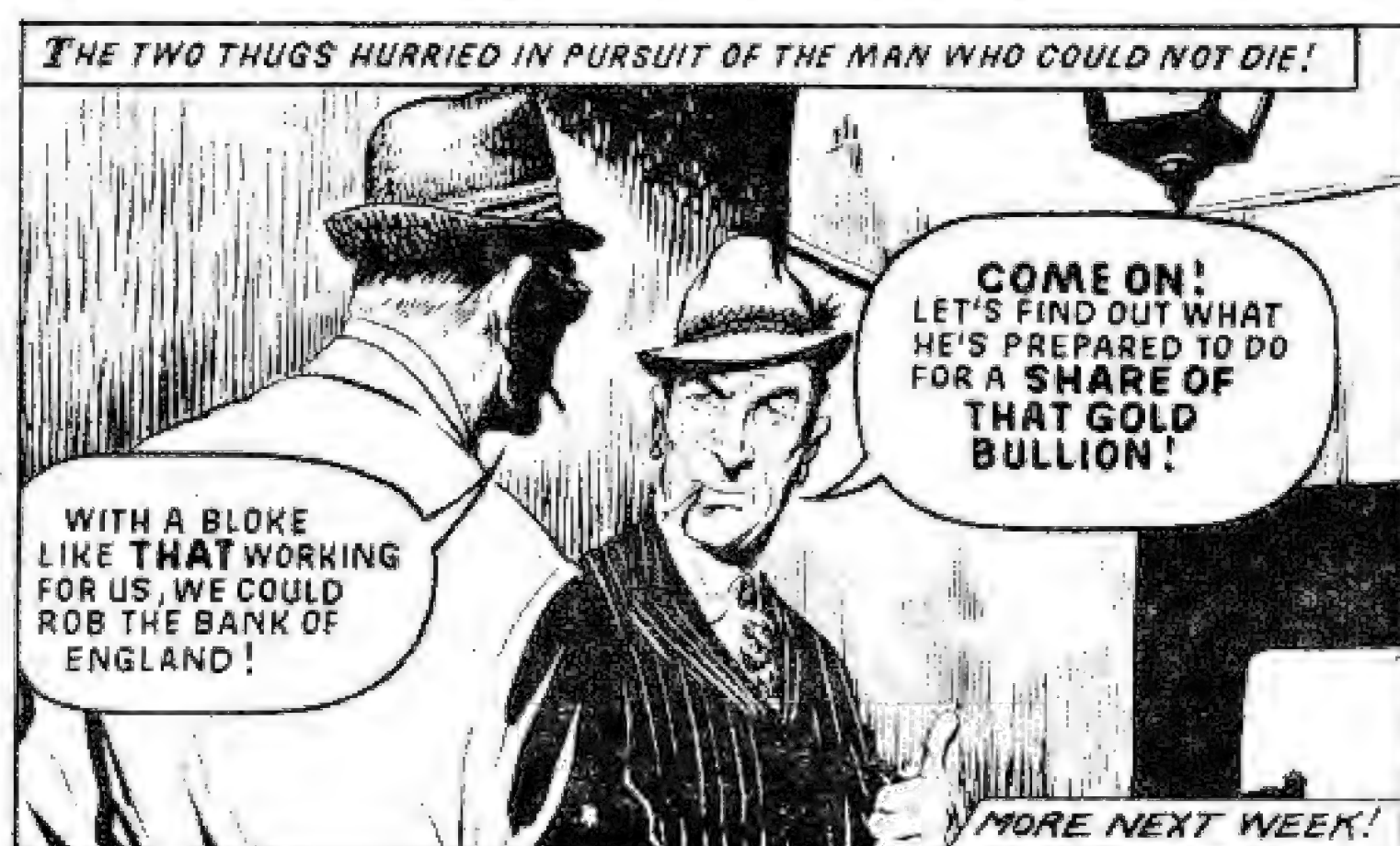
OLD MAN, HAVEN'T I SUFFERED ENOUGH? LET ME RETURN TO MY OTHER SELF! WHERE IS THE WEAPON OF GOLD THAT WILL RELEASE ME FROM MY TORMENT?

BUT SUCH A WEAPON ALWAYS ELUDED HIM! UNTIL, ONE DAY, IN THE YEAR 1970, WHEN ADAM ETERNO WAS 421 YEARS OLD!

THIEVES... STOP THEM! THEY'VE JUST ROBBED OUR VAN OF A CONSIGNMENT OF GOLD BULLION!

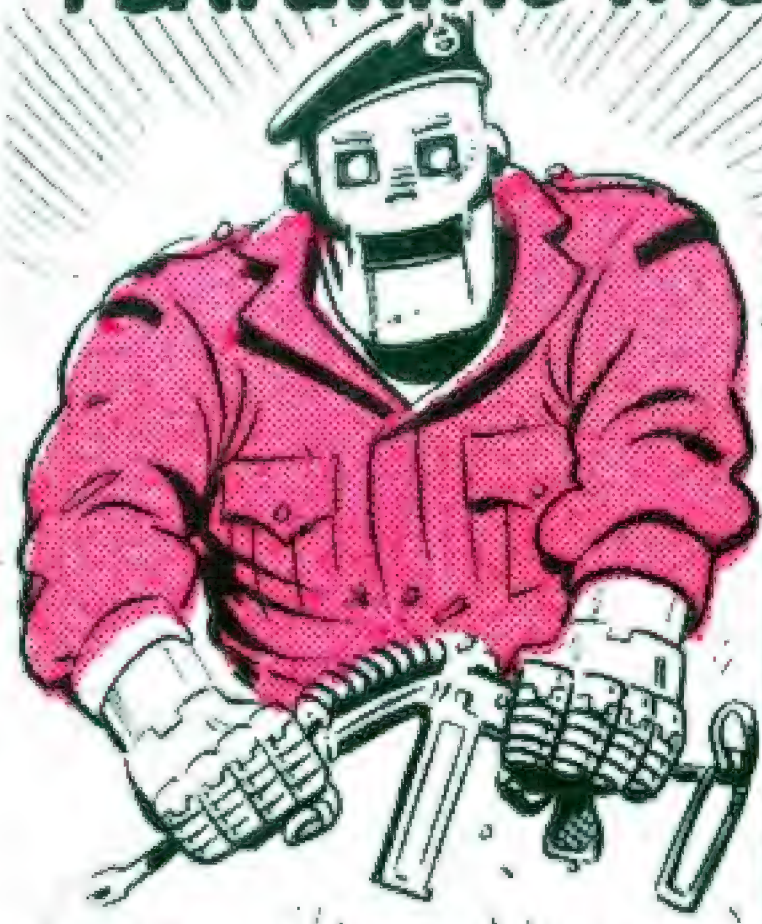
MOVE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...

In Victorian times, darts were called 'indoor archery'.



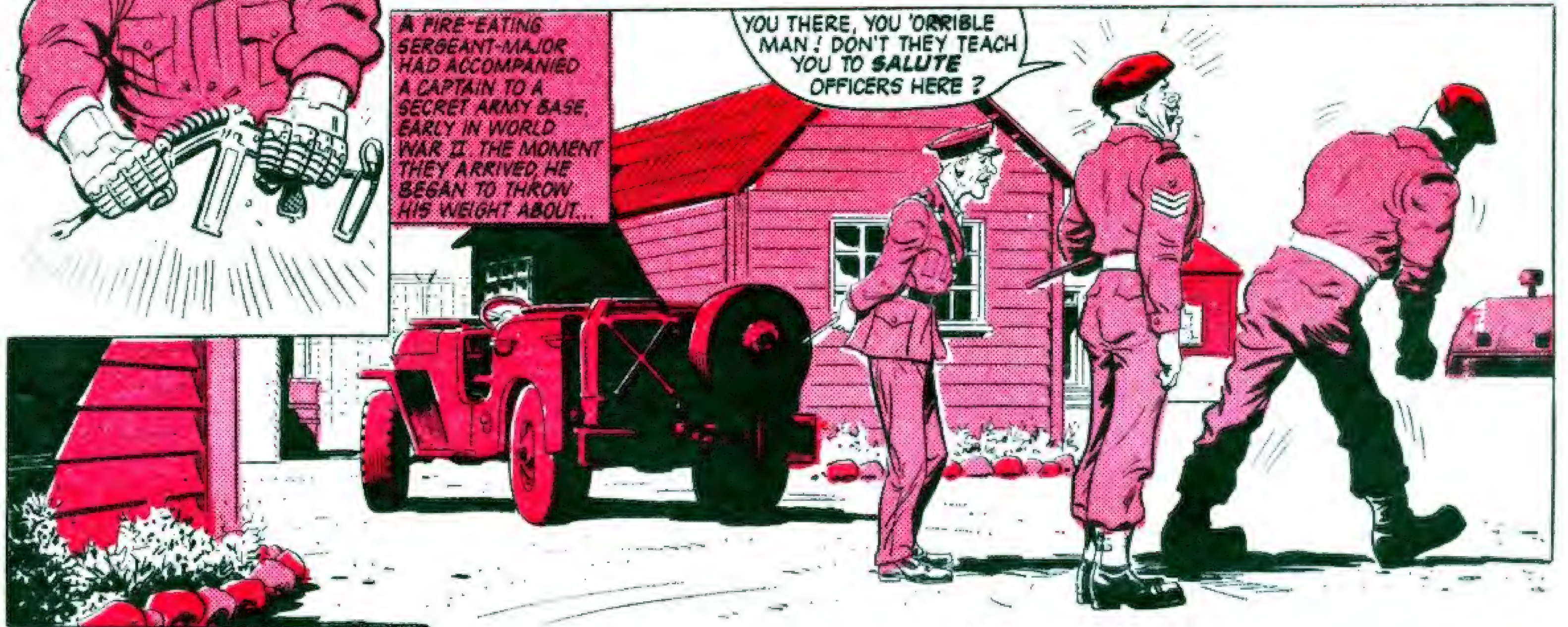
FEATURING THE BRITISH ARMY'S NUMBER ONE SECRET WEAPON!

# STEEL COMMANDO



A FIRE-EATING SERGEANT-MAJOR HAD ACCOMPANIED A CAPTAIN TO A SECRET ARMY BASE, EARLY IN WORLD WAR II. THE MOMENT THEY ARRIVED HE BEGAN TO THROW HIS WEIGHT ABOUT...

YOU THERE, YOU 'ORRIBLE MAN! DON'T THEY TEACH YOU TO SALUTE OFFICERS HERE?



THE LUMBERING SOLDIER TOOK NO NOTICE -

I WAS TALKING TO YOU! THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! I'LL HAVE YOU ON A FIZZER!



THE FIGURE TURNED...



AAAARGH!

GRRRRRRRR!

I SAY... THIS IS MUTINY! PUT THE SERGEANT-MAJOR DOWN!



I'M SORRY, SIR! THIS IS A SECRET BASE FOR DEVELOPING OUR NEW SECRET WEAPON, THE MARK 1 INDESTRUCTIBLE ROBOT!

EEK! LET GO!



IT'S NO USE. THE ROBOT DOESN'T RESPOND TO OUR ORDERS ANY MORE! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH HIS PROGRAMMING. I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK HIM UP AND MELT HIM DOWN!

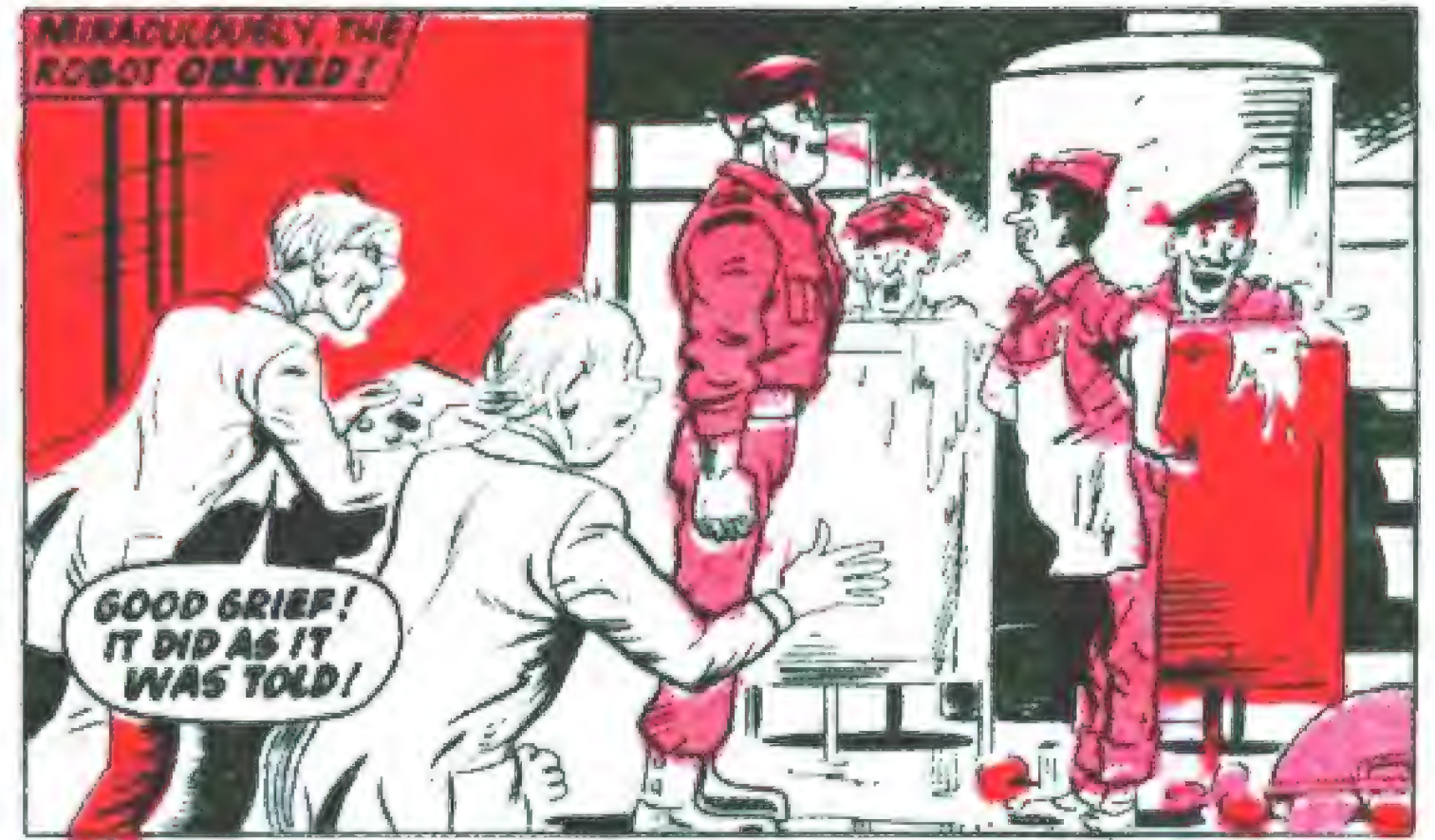


IN THE COOKHOUSE, ERNIE 'EXCUSED-BOOTS' BATES WAS PEELING POTATOES, A CUSHY JOB HE HOPED TO KEEP UNTIL THE WAR WAS OVER...

HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE! IT'S OUT OF BOUNDS!



The German gun "Big Bertha" had a range of 75 miles!



The first pair of elastic trouser braces were made in 1820.



The world's greatest potato eaters are the Germans and Belgians.



# WHAT STRANGE POWER LAY HIDDEN IN THE RELIC OF OLD JUDGE FLINT? GAUNTLET OF FATE



ON THE BLEAK AND FOGGY HEIGHTS OF CRAGMOOR, STANDS THE STONE CARCASS OF A MEDIEVAL CASTLE, DEATH-PLACE OF THE NOTORIOUS JUDGE FLINT, WHO BREATHED HIS LAST HERE AFTER A STERN LIFE OF LAW-GIVING. BY A GRIM COINCIDENCE, THE CASTLE OF THE MERCILESS JUDGE HAD BEEN TURNED INTO A PRISON!

STILL IN THE PROCESS OF CONVERTING THE OLD CASTLE, EH, GOVERNOR?

YES, WE'RE TURNING THE VAULTS INTO A RECREATION CENTRE! THE CONVICTS THEMSELVES ARE DOING THE WORK!

INSIDE THE PRISON, AT THAT MOMENT...

CRAWLEY! YOU'RE FOR STONE-BREAKING IN THE VAULTS!

GARR! TWO MORE YEARS AND I'LL BE A FREE MAN... AND THEN, NO MORE WORK FOR ME!

THEY GAVE ME TEN YEARS FOR THE PURBECK JEWEL ROBBERY... BUT THEY NEVER FOUND OUT WHERE I HID THE LOOT! WHEN I LEAVE CRAGMOOR, I'LL BE A RICH MAN!

YOU'RE A BAD LOT, RUBE CRAWLEY...

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT IF HE'D SENTENCED YOU!

RUBE CRAWLEY SWUNG HIS PICK SAVAGELY AT THE ANCIENT STONE WALL OF THE CASTLE VAULT...

PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT, YOU LOT!

WASTE OF TIME THIS IS... HACKING AWAY AT SOLID STONE!

SUDDENLY...

SWIPE ME! THERE'S A CAVITY IN THE WALL... AND HIDDEN INSIDE IT... AN OLD BOX!

OLD JUDGE FLINT? HUH, HE'S BEEN A HEAP OF DUST IN A COFFIN THESE LAST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS! HE CAN'T HURT ME!

RUBE CRAWLEY HID THE IRON BOX UNDER HIS JACKET...

THE SCREWS HAVEN'T NOTICED ANYTHING! WHEN THEY'VE LOCKED ME UP FOR THE NIGHT... I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE THIS THING!

HOURS LATER, AT DEAD OF NIGHT...

THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE FROM CRAWLEY'S CELL... BUT HE'S ON HIS BUNK, MUST BE HAVING A SLEEP-LESS NIGHT, I RECKON!

THAT'S FORCED THE LOCK AT LAST! MAYBE THERE'S TREASURE INSIDE!

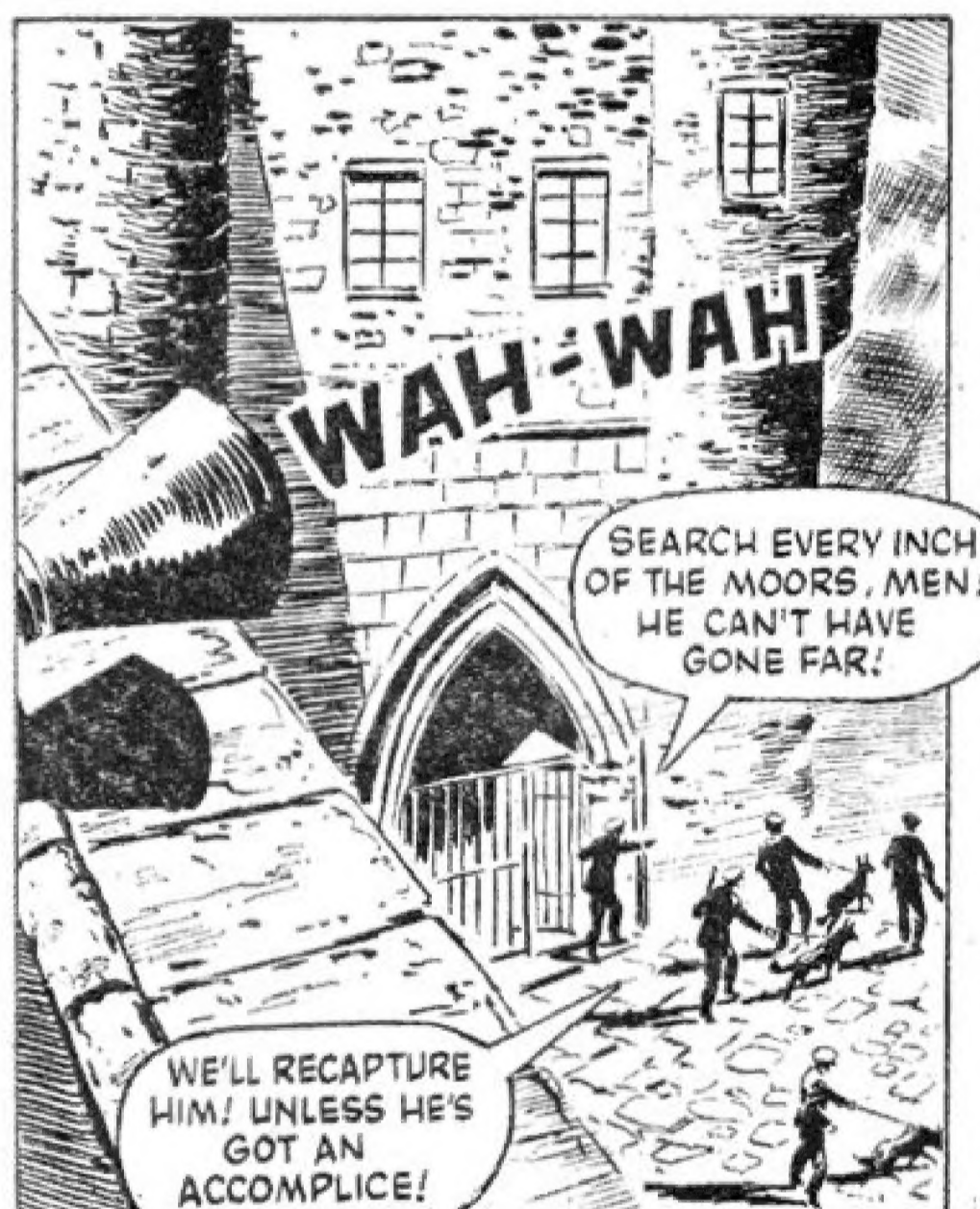
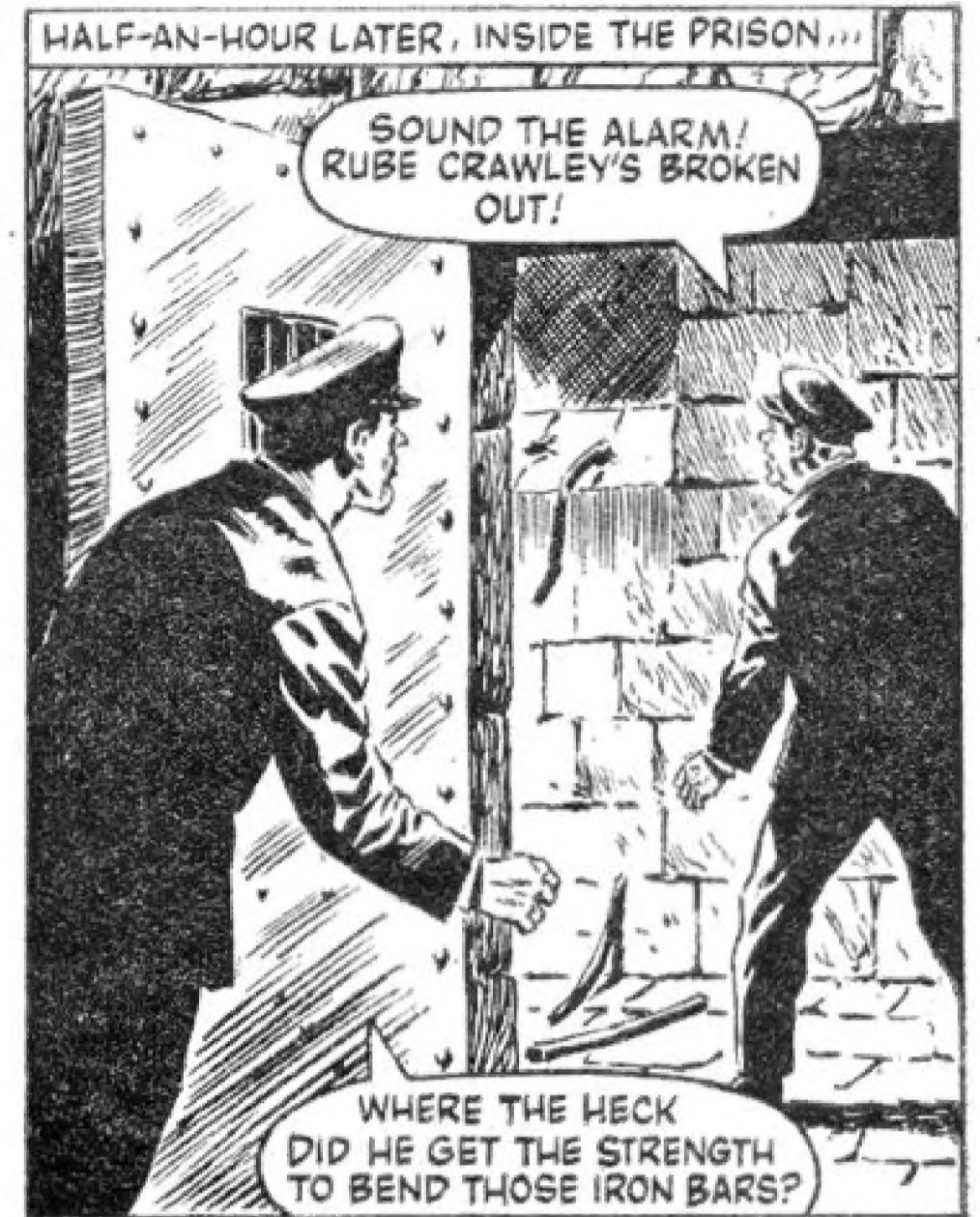
AS THE LID OF THE CHEST OPENED... A WEIRD THING HAPPENED!

G-GUUUH?

American alligators can grow to twenty feet in length.

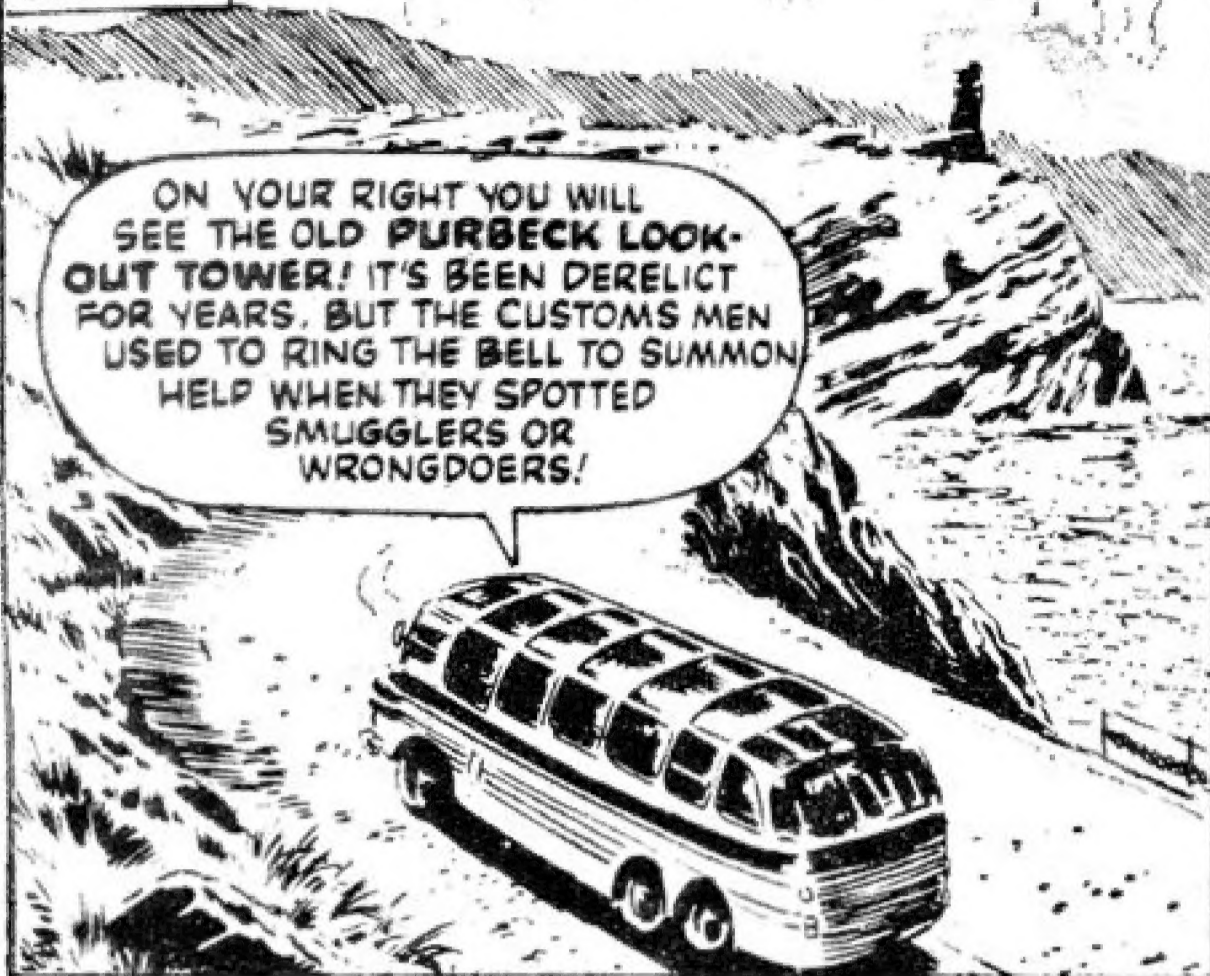


A Red Indian, sent to jail for being drunk, was named Cyril Drunkenchief.



A Chinese priest once grew his finger-nails 23 inches long.

NEXT DAY, TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM THE MISTS OF CRAGMOOR, ON THE NORTH WALES COAST...



RUBE CRAWLEY, FEVERISH WITH EXCITEMENT, WAS INSIDE THE DERELICT TOWER WHICH HE HAD REACHED AFTER A LONG DRIVE...



THE STOLEN JEWELS SPARKLED IN THE SUNLIGHT...

HAI! NOW I'M FREE... AND RICH! I'VE GOT MY JUST REWARD FOR THOSE YEARS I'VE SPENT IN JAIL, LIKE THE GAUNTLET PROMISED I WOULD!



BUT THE SUPERNATURAL RELIC OF JUDGE FLINT HAD A WILL OF ITS OWN!



A POLICE CAR HAD BEEN CRUISING ALONG THE COAST ROAD PAST THE OLD TOWER...



RUBE CRAWLEY WAS STILL FIGHTING FRANTICALLY TO DRAG HIS HAND FROM THE BELL-ROPE... BUT THE WEIRD GAUNTLET WAS TOO STRONG FOR HIM...



IT'S LUCKY CRAWLEY ESCAPED LIKE HE DID! IF HE HADN'T... WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THE PURBECK JEWELS HE STOLE!

HE'LL GET A FEW YEARS ADDED TO HIS SENTENCE FOR INJURING THAT WARDER WITH THE GETAWAY CAR!... AND IT'S JUST WHAT HE DESERVES!



RUBE CRAWLEY FLUNG AWAY THE GAUNTLET WHICH HAD GIVEN HIM HIS JUST REWARD!



MORE NEXT WEEK!

**'THUNDER' READERS, HERE COMES THE CRUNCH! — SAM PACKS A SUPER-COLOSSAL PUNCH!**

